

# MERRY ENGLAND.

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DECEMBER, 1893.

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## *Assumpta Maria.*

"Thou need'st not sing new songs, but say the old."—COWLEY.

**M**ORTALS, that behold a Woman  
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun ;  
Who am I the heavens assume? an  
All am I, and I am one,  
Multitudinous ascend I,  
Dreadful as a battle arrayed,  
For I bear you whither tend I ;  
Ye are I ; be undismayed !  
I, the Ark that for the graven  
Tables of the Law was made ;  
Man's own heart was one, one Heaven,  
Both within my womb were laid.  
For there Eros with Anteros,  
Heaven with man conjoinèd was,—  
Twin-Stone of the Law, *Ischyros*,  
*Agios Athanatos.*

I, the flesh-girt Paradises  
Gardenered by the Adam new,

Daintied o'er with sweet devices  
 Which He loveth, for He grew.  
 I, the boundless, strict savannah  
 Which God's leaping feet go through ;  
 I, the heaven whence the Manna,  
 Weary Israel, slid on you !  
     He the Eros and Anteros,  
     I the body, He the Cross ;  
     He upbeareth me, *Ischyros*,  
     *Agios Athanatos !*

I am Daniel's mystic Mountain,  
 Whence the mighty Stone was rolled ;  
 I am the four Rivers' fountain,  
 Watering Paradise of old ;  
 Cloud down-raining the Just One am,  
 Danaë of the Shower of Gold ;  
 I the Hostel of the Sun am ;  
     He the Lamb, and I the Fold.  
     He the Eros and Anteros,  
     I the body, He the Cross ;  
     He is fast to me, *Ischyros*,  
     *Agios Athanatos !*

I, the burning bush of Moses,  
 Afire with God, yet unconsumed ;  
 Gladder Vine in me that grows is,  
 Than rash Semele enwombed.  
 Arethusa fount through roses  
 Springs in me, that sank engloomed  
 From the source of Eve ; and closes,  
 With the primal laugh relumed.  
     Flows 'twixt Eros and Anteros,  
     Blood immingled from the Cross ;

Lovely-lighted, rosy-clear as  
Ever wine of Cana was !

I, the presence-hall where Angels  
Do enwheel their placèd King,—  
Even my thoughts which, without change else,  
Cyclic burn or cyclic sing.  
To the hollow of Heaven transplanted,  
I a breathing Eden spring,  
Where with venom all outpanted  
Lies the slimed Curse shrivelling.  
For the brazen Serpent clear on  
That old fangèd Knowledge shone ;  
I to Wisdom rise, *Ischyron*,  
*Agion Athanaton !*

See in highest Heaven pavilioned  
Now the maiden Heaven rest,  
The many-breasted sky out-millions  
By the splendours of her vest.  
Lo, the Ark this holy tide is  
The un-handmade Temple's guest,  
And the dark Egyptian bride is  
Whitely to the Spouse-Heart prest !  
He the Eros and Anteros,  
Nail me to Thee, sweetest Cross !  
He is fast to me, *Ischyros*,  
*Agios Athanatos !*

" Tell me, tell me, O Belovèd,  
Where Thou dost in mid-day feed !  
For my wanderings are reprovèd,  
And my heart is salt with need."  
" Thine own self not spellest God in,  
Nor the lispig papyrus-reed ?

Follow where the flocks have trodden,  
 Follow where the shepherds lead."  
 He, the Eros and Anteros,  
 Mounts me in Aegyptic car,  
 Twin-yoked ; leading me, *Ischyros*,  
 Trembling to the untempted Far.

" Make me chainlets, silvern, golden,  
 I that sow shall surely reap ;  
 While as yet my Spouse is holden  
 Like a Lion in mountained sleep."  
 " Make her chainlets, silvern, golden,  
 She hath sown, and she shall reap ;  
 Look up to the mountains olden,  
 Whence help comes with lioned leap."  
 By what gushed the bitter Spear on,  
 Pain, which twinned, makes union ;  
 Crucified to Him, *Ischyron*,  
*Agion Athanaton !*

Then commanded and spake to me  
 He Who framed all things that be ;  
 And my Maker entered through me,  
 In my tent His rest took He.  
 Lo ! He standeth, Spouse and Brother ;  
 I to Him, and He to me,  
 Who upraised me where my mother  
 Fell, beneath the apple-tree.  
 Risen 'twixt Eros and Anteros,  
 Blood and Water, Moon and Sun,  
 He upbears me, He *Ischyros*,  
 I bear Him, the Athanaton !

Who is She, in candid vesture,  
 Rushing up from out the brine ?



Treading with resilient gesture  
Air, and with that Cup divine?  
She in us, and we in her are,  
Beating Godward: all that pine,  
Lo, a wonder and a terror!  
The Sun hath blushed the sea to Wine!  
He the Eros and Anteros,  
She the bride and spirit; for  
Now the days of promise near us,  
And the sea shall be no more.

Where is laid the Lord arisen?  
In the light we walk in gloom;  
Though the Sun has burst His prison,  
We know not His bidding-room.  
Tell us where the Lord sojourneth,  
For we find an empty tomb.  
"Whence He sprung, there He returneth,  
Mystic Sun,—the Virgin's womb."  
Hidden Sun, His beams so near us,  
Cloud-enpillared as He was  
From of old, there He, *Ischyros*,  
Waits our search, *Athanatos*.

Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,  
That the King may enter thee!  
At all gates the clangours gurge in,  
God's paludament lightens, see!  
Camp of Angels! Well we even  
Of this thing may doubtful be,—  
If thou art assumed to Heaven,  
Or is Heaven assumed to thee!  
*Consummatum.* Christ the promised,  
Thy maiden realm is won, O Strong!

Since to such sweet kingdom comest,  
Remember me, poor thief of song !

Cadent falls the stars along :—

“ Mortals, that behold a Woman  
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun ;  
Who am I the heavens assume ? an  
All am I, and I am one.”

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## *The Vision of the Dean.*

### I.

THE DEAN OF WITHINGTON was entertaining a party of guests at luncheon: the Crossleighs, of Crossley Hall, in the neighbourhood; and pretty Mary de Lisle, of one of the oldest Catholic families in England, who was staying with them; and Captain Jerningham, a young warrior, who seemed very much at peace with Mary. They were a merry party, that Christmas Week, in the quaint old Deanery dining-room, with its oak-panelled walls and diamond-paned windows looking out into the close.

"You must show us all your pretty things, Mr. Dean," said Mrs. Crossleigh, "and Mary will shut her eyes when we come on Church property. You know she looks upon you as little better than a receiver of stolen goods. But," she continued, with a laughing look at Mary, "I am afraid you have partaken in the robbery to-day, dear. Did not our excellent luncheon rather stick in your throat?"

"No, Mrs. Crossleigh," rejoined Mary, turning off the joke. "I take it as a little repayment to the true Church."

"Bravo, Miss de Lisle," said the Dean. "And now," he added, rising, "will you make your tour of inspection? Or, will you see the Cathedral first, before it gets dark?"

"The Cathedral first, Mr. Dean," said Mary de Lisle eagerly, "if Mrs. Crossleigh does not mind."

So down a covered passage, that led from the Dean's house, they went laughing and talking, till they came to a low oak door with curiously wrought brass fastenings. The Dean fitted an old-fashioned key into the lock, the door grated slowly back on its hinges, and they stood within the Cathedral.

A sudden silence fell upon the party. Cold, lofty, and beautiful the roof rose above them, supported by massive stone columns that looked almost slender from the great height. Down the vast aisle the light streamed through the old stained-glass windows, in soft but gorgeous hues, draping the stone monuments with a mantle of colour, and forming a radiant carpet on the pavement. There Cromwell's soldiers had shattered one window into fragments; but, carefully pieced together, the beautiful old colours again blended harmoniously.

"How beautiful!" murmured Mary de Lisle, softly, a look of reverence on her face.

"Yes, it is a fine building; a very pure specimen of Gothic architecture," responded the Dean's matter-of-fact voice. To him the solemn old Cathedral, with its shadowy, mysterious aisles and dim vaulted roof, was an every-day matter. The commonplace tone broke the spell, and they moved on to visit the monuments.

Very curious and interesting they were. Here slept a Bishop in robes and mitre, a crosier between his clasped hands and a starry canopy overhead. There reposed a mailed baron and his gentle wife, their features somewhat battered; around them knelt their children: daughters in quaint old farthingale and coif, sons looking as if kneeling was very uncomfortable in stiff armour.

"And here," said the Dean, pausing before a beautiful little chapel shut off by old iron gates, "is the family chapel of the De Burghs. Those windows are some of the oldest in the Cathe-

dral, and illustrate the Crusading exploits of the De Burgh of Cœur de Lion's time. They endowed the Cathedral pretty handsomely, on condition of Mass being said here in perpetuity on certain days of the year for their benefit."

"They have been done out of that for a good many years," observed Mr. Crossleigh. "Rather hard upon this poor fellow, who was buried, I see, in the early days of Harry the Eighth. Eh, Mary?"

But Mary de Lisle did not care to resume the joke. She had been reading the inscriptions and gazing at the quiet stone figures with an almost affectionate interest; and she flushed a little as she turned to answer Mr. Crossleigh.

"I think it *is* hard, Mr. Crossleigh; but even now there shall be one to remember him and pray for him." And, dropping on her knees, Mary de Lisle bent her head and clasped her hands.

It was so simply, so impulsively done, that no one smiled. Captain Jerningham even bowed his head, and all were silent till she rose.

"I wonder these poor defrauded souls do not haunt you, Mr. Dean," she exclaimed, as they proceeded.

"Surely, that would be very unfair," laughed the Dean. "They have left my predecessors in peace for three hundred years, and why should they select *me* as an object of vengeance?"

"I should not feel comfortable sleeping so close to them, and knowing I was accessory to wronging them," she persisted. "Do you not feel nervous sometimes when you wake in the night, lest they should appear to you and call you to account?"

"I cannot say the idea ever occurred to me," rejoined the Dean, smiling. "But I think it is very unkind of you to put it into their heads. No doubt they are all listening to you with their stone ears."

"I shall begin to fancy I see someone moving in those dark recesses," said Mrs. Crossleigh, with a pretended shiver. "Do let us go in and inspect the Dean's treasures. We shall only just have time, for it is a long drive home."



The suggestion was acted upon, and an hour was passed quickly among the rare old Apostle spoons, the curiously wrought goblets, and all the other monastic spoils.

"Good night, my fair enemy," said the Dean, as he shook hands with Miss de Lisle at parting. "I will let you know if I have any visits from your friends, the ghosts."

As he sat that night at his solitary dinner, served with the precision and perfection that befitted the Deanery and an old bachelor, he smiled as he recalled the banter of the afternoon.

"I do not suppose they will rest the less quietly in their graves because their piety procures me this excellent Lafitte," he said to himself, lifting the glass to his lips with educated relish, and looking round contentedly on his comfortable domain, the warm red curtains closely drawn, the softly-shaded lamp, the dainty glass and delicate china.

And the thought of his ghostly neighbours recurred again as he entered his bedroom, where, on the tapestried walls, knights and ladies were pictured. In spite of them the room looked earthly and prosaic enough with the bright fire, the slippers and dressing-gown warming beside it. He retired to rest, feeling on good terms with every one, ghosts included.

## II.

IN the middle of the night the Dean awoke suddenly, wide awake, with a feeling as if something had happened to rouse him. He looked around, but heard and saw nothing. The fire had burnt down very low, and only gave out an occasional feeble flicker, by the light of which the tapestry figures stood out in momentary distinctness. He was about to lie down again when he thought he heard a faint sound in the distance. His ears, preternaturally sharpened, strained to catch it. Yes, he was not mistaken; he heard it again, faint, but measured and regular.

"Rats," thought the Dean, with an attempt at his usual



common sense, but with an uncomfortable cold feeling creeping over him.

The sound was coming nearer, growing more distinct. It seemed now like the distant tread of a great multitude. The Dean began to wish some human beings slept nearer to him; the servants' bedrooms were all down a long corridor in another wing of the house. Louder, clearer, the sound approached, and now it seemed to his excited senses that he could distinguish different footsteps: the faltering steps of age, the heavy tread of strong men, the lighter footsteps of women, but all measured and slow, as if walking in solemn procession. They mounted the stairs, stayed for a moment on the landing, and then he heard the footsteps approaching his room. Then came a pause, and he heard his heart beating irregularly in the silence. It was broken by three solemn raps, the door opened slowly and noiselessly, and a faint light streamed into the chamber. His fascinated gaze beheld a long procession: knights in heavy armour, ladies in farthingales, hoary-headed old men in robes, Bishops with mitre and crosier. On the threshold stood two figures still and cold, looking as if carved out of stone. Their visors were closed, but their eyes gleamed forth with a dim shine.

The Dean tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He closed his eyes for a moment, but he felt the steady gaze of those gleaming eyes fixed upon him. Then one of them raised his gauntleted hand and silently beckoned to him. He would fain have disregarded the sign, but he felt constrained to rise, and his unwilling feet carried him onward till he stood beside the two figures in the doorway. A breath of intensely cold air made him shiver as they made way for him between them; the whole procession slowly faced round, and moved along the corridor, the Dean following in a constrained, mechanical manner, between his two spectral warders.

And now he became aware of another strange and awful

incident. While he lay shivering in his bed the different footfalls of his ghostly visitants had been distinctly audible to him ; but now that he himself formed part of the procession, his own footstep was the only one he heard. Without a sound, the vast multitude swept along the passages and down the steep stairs uneven with age. The heavy mailed feet of the stony warriors, the halting steps of the old, fell noiselessly where his own feet, shod in carpet slippers, echoed through the silent house.

Down the covered passage they went, but there was no need of a key, for the door stood open and a flood of light poured through it. As the Dean stepped within the Cathedral, he saw every little chapel, every Saint's shrine lighted up, with the crisp yellow light of the wax candles burnt in frosty air.

Up the centre aisle swept the procession, mounted the steps leading to the choir, and, passing in, filled the stalls, the benches, and overflowed into the side chapels. The Dean beheld his own place occupied by a stranger, whose features yet seemed strangely familiar to him. With a vague, dreamy feeling of unreality, he moved up the centre of the choir between his two conductors, till his further progress was stopped by a bar. He looked up and saw the ghostly semblance of a court of justice. Bishops and nobles sat round the solemn conclave. A venerable old Archbishop, seated in the chair of State, presided as Judge, and he, the Dean of Withington, was arraigned in his own Cathedral—prisoner at the bar.

"Thomas Staunton !" like an echo from the vaults beneath, sounded from the aged Prelate, "thou art brought here to answer for robbery of the dead. What hast thou to say in thy defence ?"

The Dean essayed to speak, but the words died away on his lips, and he felt the condemning gaze of all the vast assembly turned upon him.

"He answereth nothing," continued the hollow tones of the Judge. "He standeth self-convicted. Brethren, what sentence doth he deserve, the scorner of the dead ?"

Then arose a confused murmur, swelling at last into a distinct cry :

"Let him share our fate ! Let him lie interred and forgotten beneath the stones of the Cathedral."

"Thou hearest thy sentence," spoke the Judge, solemnly. And from the organ, in wailing tones, arose the sound of a wail.

Feeling as if in some appalling dream, the Dean stood speechless. Surely it was not on him, the prosperous, important Dean of Withington, that this doom was pronounced. It must be someone else that was meant ; and he looked up. All around his eye fell on heavy black hangings, embroidered with silver skulls and crossbones, and suspended from pillar to pillar. Slowly rising from the ground mounted a lofty sable catafalque ; and though, as the cloth swayed to and fro with the movement, he could not discern the monogram, an inward feeling told him that his own initials were hidden from his view.

But hark ! what doleful sound breaks through the building ? Few, perhaps, can listen without a feeling of awe to the bell that tolls for the departing soul. What, then, felt the Dean as he heard his own death-knell ! He involuntarily counted each stroke, and as they neared the fatal fifty his heart seemed to stop beating. Forty-nine tolled the bell, and with a sudden gust of air the cloth of the catafalque stirred, and as his inward prevision had told him from the first, the Dean beheld in large silver letters his own initials.

With a stifled shriek he flung up his arms and . . . awoke to find himself convulsively grasping the curtains of his bed.

The relief was not instantaneous, for the horror was on him still, and it was some minutes before he could regain sufficient self-command to make his way to the window, and let in the practical light of dawn on his ghostly midnight fancies.

To cut a long tale short, one fine morning all Withington was taken aback to hear that the Dean was about to surrender his charge ; and still greater was the astonishment of every one

when, a little while after, it was whispered abroad that he "had turned Mass-priest."

"Could you have guessed it, Delilah?" asked Captain Jerningham, with his favourite play upon his wife's maiden name.

"I should have known it," said Mary, with the distant expression of one who communes with the spirits of men through all their husks of the flesh.

FENELLA FFRENCH.

*Conventional Literature.*

SINCE literature has taken rank with any other purely commercial means of elevating men (and women) to the peerage of money, it has gained also the respectability of conventionalism. It has earned as fair a right to the habits and phraseology of the conventional as stock-jobbing, ironmongery, or the clothing and feeding trades, for men and animals, which assume the title of purveyor, be it to the million or to some special and distinct institution of royalty. In the old barbaric times, before School Boards and the female insurrection, the makers of literature were, well—makers of literature, perhaps, it was then sufficient to say—not merely manufacturers of literary ware. An author was, in a sense, the high priest of literature. Even the typical Bohemian penny-a-liner—the haunter of pot-houses when not in enforced retirement—had the odour of bookish sanctity about him. To write a book, in contradistinction with the commercial idea of being a writer of books, was the one hint of genius which gave a man a place amongst the prophets. Given the necessity of writing a book, and it was assumed the writer had something to say which, if not inspired, bore at least the stamp and authority of originality. Probably much of the literature of every age is more or less conventional; but these closing years of the nineteenth century have little that is exceptional to that condition. Idea and diction, matter and



manner, are alike stamped with the universal trade mark. One could forgive the stereotyped phraseology if it conveyed some original thought, or some natural way of thinking old thoughts over again. It is not every writer who has the gift of creating phrases ; of formulating for the first time those inevitable truths which become proverbs. Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth had each a century almost to himself.

In the existing surfeit of fiction one can tolerate, without a very wry face, the perpetual recurrence of phrases like "all along the line," "in the near future," "with a far-away look in the eyes," "delicately chiselled features," and thousands more of that sapless quality which go to the building of not only the lady's novel. The common mind, which is the portion of the majority of us, assimilates too easily, and uses, let us hope unconsciously, the concise verbiage of that kind of slang ; but one can afford to despise the husk if the kernel is sound. Alas ! if the philosophy of life and the facts of human existence have to be gathered from the conventional novelist, one is compelled to exclaim, with shuddering self-pity : "And these are our teachers !" Happily, every age has its men of genius in homœopathic proportions, who observe for themselves and record their observations naturally. It is not from that infinitesimal minority we learn, say, for instance, that the characteristics of a gentleman are mainly due to birth. Most women writers and some men, even amongst leading novelists, maintain, with Dogberry-like logic, that gentlemanly breeding comes "by nature." Heredity may account for much ; but it can scarcely be credited with perpetuating the habits and manners of good society minus the training of environment ; yet this is virtually what is meant. One readily calls to mind conformity to this type in most popular novels. Take one phase. The child of noble parents, deprived at birth of their guardianship, betrays amidst plebeian surroundings the efflorescence of patrician blood. The innate sense of honour survives contact with evil associations, bad example,



snobbery, caddishness, and all the venial sins of vulgarity. When the patent of nobility is discovered, and the little lord is restored to his rights, he is found to be as perfect a gentleman as the old Earl himself. And so on *ad infinitum*. These writers, who imagine they are exponents of the code of honour, are sublimely oblivious of the Christian code, which curiously takes into count the doctrine of original sin. It might not be amiss to compare the conventional characteristics of a gentleman with Dekker's description of

"The first true gentleman that ever breath'd."

Carlyle used to say, "If Christ were to come to London now He would not be crucified. Oh, no! He would be lionised and asked out to dinner." But I doubt if the Son of a carpenter, living, say, at Peckham or South Tottenham, would be reckoned a gentleman.

The conventional estimate of the middle classes is usually summed up in the cant word Philistinism, which is equally, probably more, applicable to the writer than to the class described. Such writers, apparently, have recourse to a common stock of facetiousness when dealing with that large branch of the middle classes which is composed of city clerks. It would seem to be an achievement of wit to make some allusion to the meagreness of the clerkly income. The exact amount of salary being stated with the gravity of a good joke; yet with an emphasis of exactitude which might suggest sometime personal experience. The characteristics of a gentleman, it would appear, are unknown in this class, being substituted by caddishness, which is synonymous with vulgarity, meanness, cowardice, untruthfulness, and even dishonesty. That such writers are incapable of seeing human nature as it is, despite class distinctions, is, of course, mainly owing to the same lack of vision which Turner's female critic betrayed. It needs the "vision and the faculty divine" to paint a gentleman like Tom Pinch.

Then there is the pseudo-theological novel. Since Christianity

has come to be pilloried by its friends, and vivisected by those who are in its pay and wear its vestments, the small writers, who never had brains enough to formulate an original doubt for themselves, follow, with borrowed bravery, the creedless fashion of the age. What Sterne said of lust is also true of fashion. It is a serious thing, and the followers of it are incapable of humour. Hence, the dulness (to me the unreadable dulness) of certain popular novels cram-full of inverted theology. Humour is the salt of literature, as our enduring classics testify. Myriads of dead and gone fine writers have passed into non-existence for the want of it, and it may be that humour is the distinguishing test of four-square genius.

Criticism is more or less responsible for the perpetuation of conventional literature. I mean that mawkish, invertebrated criticism which is mostly praise. Censure hurts no man; but praise damns thousands. The born critic, such as Jeffrey, Crusty Christopher, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, uses the surgeon's knife promptly and fearlessly to prevent, it may be, mortification and save the literature of his country from becoming putrid. He is the "minister of God who beareth not the sword in vain."

The aforesaid boneless criticism has culminated in the pitiable epidemic of interviewing. It is a delicate matter, perhaps, to censure the victims of an epidemic; but I am always heartily glad of those vigorous constitutions which withstand the scourge with a

"Please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

God forgive us that the minutes of this disease should escape the medical journals, to afford interest and fascination in the myriad journals of conventional literature:

Minutiæ of all human ways,  
Opinions of both fool and wag  
Pass into literature that stays—  
In volumes of the Old Maid's Mag.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

*A Hymn at Lourdes.*

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

THE hour had come for evening prayer ;  
The *Angelus* chimed on the chilling air.  
*Ave.*

A hidden Angel walked, and met  
The unwitting steps of Bernadette.  
*Ave.*

Across the mountain stream she hied.  
A wind in the valley rose and died.  
*Ave.*

Sudden it shook her, sudden it fell.  
She saw the Virgin on Massabielle.  
*Ave.*

She saw the tender and gentle face  
Crowned with a light that filled the place.  
*Ave.*

It was the Mother of God who smiled  
Like her own mother on the child.  
*Ave.*

Clad in white was the Lady chaste,  
A ribbon of Heaven around her waist.  
*Ave.*

*A Hymn at Lourdes.*

Two open roses, yellow and sweet,  
Lay upon her naked feet.

*Ave.*

Between her hands, and folded there  
The beads her people use for prayer.

*Ave.*

The child prayed fast ; then from her eyes  
The vision passed to Paradise.

*Ave.*

In her poor home the girl abode,  
But daily pressed on the self-same road.

*Ave.*

"O Lady, Lady, what do you seek ?"  
Then came the time for her to speak.

*Ave.*

"Come fifteen times to this mountain cave.  
Thou shalt be glad after the grave."

*Ave.*

And day by day a throng did press  
After the feet of the shepherdess.

*Ave.*

And on her face they marked with awe.  
The brightness of the things she saw.

*Ave.*

She saw that bent was the Lady's head.  
"Madam, why are you sad ?" she said.

*Ave.*

The Lady answered, "Pray, my child,  
Entreat for the unreconciled."

*Ave.*

"I call upon the multitude  
To walk, and pray, and bear the rood."

*Ave.*

"I will have here a holy shrine,  
And the dedication shall be mine."

*Ave.*

Then twice the morning dawned, but not  
The light, the vision, in the grot.

*Ave.*

Oh, Mother, and did'st thou then not know  
Thy little girl was troubled so?

*Ave.*

Nought was the trouble when once more  
The Lady stood by the torrent shore.

*Ave.*

"Madam, I am to ask a sign.  
There is no flower on the eglantine.

*Ave.*

"We pray you make a rose out-break  
For our poor faith's and your mercies' sake."

*Ave.*

"Drink of the spring," the Virgin said.  
The child went down to the river-bed.

*Ave.*

"Nay, here is the spring of my command ;"  
And a spring leapt under the little hand:

*Ave.*

"I am to ask you to tell your name,  
That we may be certain whence you came."

*Ave.*

*A Hymn at Lourdes.*

Three times over this prayer was said ;  
And the fourth time it was answered.

*Ave.*

'Twas the name that is sung at Heaven's gate.  
"I am called and conceived Immaculate."

*Ave.*

See, Mother, thy people have done thy will.  
There is a church on the southern hill.

*Ave.*

These thirty years, and from age to age,  
Thy children are coming on pilgrimage.

*Ave.*

The waters fail not, nor their feet.  
They drink, they are healed, they praise thee, Sweet.

*Ave.*

Hither the distant nation wins ;  
France weeps here upon her sins.

*Ave.*

The sick, the mourner, the forgiven  
Come to Lourdes on the way to Heaven.

*Ave.*

DANIEL BARBÉ.



*In the Midst of the Traffic.*

**H**E lived against the wall of the tall house that slants sideways just outside the high west wall of the Junction. The smoke from many engines had toned its once bright colouring into a dingy red. There was no peace to be got throughout its walls from dawn to dusk, nor till far on into the night. Neither was there rest and cleanliness to be got any time, since the smoke, when the engines had long since thundered away into unknown places, had learnt to linger and stay.

It was against the topmost window of the tall, dull-red house that Billy hung, under the all-seeing eye of his master, whose home was one of the two garrets which, like Billy's cage, had the benefit of the full thundering tide of traffic and smoke, and looked outwards, in a south-easterly direction, on the network of lines, cross lines, and signal wires that lie about there to the united length (could they be spun out in one long line) of many hundred miles.

Billy's master's home was nine feet six-and-a-half by seven in area, and its greatest height could not have been less than five feet and three quarters. So, unless Billy's master's mother was what Tom called "middlin' drunk," there was plenty of room inside it for its four occupants—number one being Billy's master (whom Tom called "Harry," but Harry's mother "the Brat," and who never took up more room than his little bed);

number two, Harry's father, who had a lowly connexion with the night-work of the traffic, and upset household arrangements, Tom considered, whenever he came home (which may have been once every three days), by going to bed in the daytime ; and number three, Harry's afore-mentioned mother, who was *most* eagerly welcomed back by those at home, after her day's charing, when she was very drunk indeed. For, as Tom—who had to be chorus for Billy and Harry and himself—would explain to you, if she was not drunk at all she was almost sure to find fault with somebody ; and if she was “not so very drunk” she was perfectly certain to find fault with everybody—even to the length of bodily chastisement and wreckage of furniture. (Now as, besides Harry's bed, which could not be touched, there was nothing else in the home but one stool—Tom's, unless his uncle and Harry's father was at home—a few pewter and earthenware eating and drinking-out-of-things, and a good many empty bottles, it behoved Tom to guard these his household effects with what may, perhaps, be thought an over-zealous and paternal care.)

But if Tom's aunt came home very drunk indeed, she just fell down on the heap of clothes that was the family bed (Harry's excepted), and troubled nobody.

The fourth and last occupant of the house was Tom himself, Harry's nine-year-old cousin : and there was plenty of room for him also in the garret ; for he had a habit, when household work was done, of leaning over on the window-sill by Harry's bed—and no room of nine feet odd by seven feet can pretend it is crowded by one pair of legs more or less in it. Also, Tom did not take up as much room as he might have done even when he was not half-way out of the window, owing to his father having developed, in his married life, the playful habit of throwing his children downstairs as they consecutively appeared. And Tom, not being exempt from the consequences of this parental failing (if it can be called by so harsh a name, which receives the

sanction of the law in more than one Christian centre of our land), was not all that he should have been about the back and chest and legs.

It says something, though, for Tom's grip on life, and heroic determination not to be snuffed out before he had tasted a few more of the joys of life, that he alone, out of seven brothers and sisters, should have survived his third year, at which landmark in his career a message, calling his father from his earthly sphere—concurrently with the mysterious and eternally insoluble disappearance of his mother—put Tom out of the reach of further sudden disaster and obliged his aunt (who had just become prematurely possessed of a baby, and who, inwardly, and on the spot, developed a "nurse" out of Tom's undeveloped personality) to take the orphan to her hearth and home.

This premature baby was Harry, Billy's master, who was born with hardly any spine and an enlarged liver—which misfortunes were largely due to his mother's drunken habits. She had been a beautiful, innocent, and stupid country girl, till trouble came upon her. So Harry, when Tom was nine and he himself six years old, took up no more room than his little bed. Tom was cook, nurse, chief of the commissariat, preacher, schoolmaster, and interpreter of life to Harry; and often thought that to have no household or family cares would be "like 'Evin."

And you, Billy, hanging up among the smoke clouds!—what of you? You first looked out on the world from a nest that was hidden in long grasses; and *what* you first saw was a sun shining in the sky. Ever afterwards, the desire to soar up to that sun was in you as fierce and passionate as your love of melody and rapture in motion. There were great forest trees, whispering their secrets to each other, on one side of your meadow home; and a garden of roses, where children played all day, lay to the other. When you were still so young, Billy, that

each new flight was an experiment in reckless joy, a human citizen of the great centre of civilisation of the civilised world caught you (you were not prudent, Billy, you were so very young!) in one ingenious contrivance of his own diabolical invention and handicraft, thrust you into another, tied up in a red pocket handkerchief, and carried you up to his own city. You passed your home that was to be, Billy, as you sped up; but you were in a swoon of fear, and knew nothing until you took up again life and song in a five-inch-square box of six sides. Impenetrable wood above you and beneath you and to three sides of you—one side they had barred across with seven bars.

This was to be Billy's home till he should die; and it might have been better for him to die in that first swoon than to open his bright bird's eyes in the gloom of that little box of his! But Billy didn't think so; for he only threw himself fiercely against the bars of his home, and sang his heart out in a song of most passionate and beautiful agony. None who stopped to listen to this song knew what it was about; but Billy's capturer, hearing him, rejoiced exceedingly, being aware that Billy would enable him to get royally drunk for the first time that week.

His prognostications were realised. Billy quickly changed hands, silver clinching the bargain, and drifted from one wretched lodgment to another till, finally, when he was exactly one year and six months old, he became Harry's property and came to live in the midst of the traffic. Tom was out when Billy was formally installed on his nail by the neighbour who lived in the other garret (twin to Harry's home), whose window overlooked the Junction, and who was also the donor. From that moment Harry's bed stayed by the window, where it was feverishly pushed for the occasion; and Harry, who could not say anything—since his want of hearing (his ears being as out of order as his spine or liver) prevented him from ever learning to speak—smiled at the neighbour as the Angels will smile at him



when his deed is read out at the Judgment-bar. It was Johnnie's father who gave the lark to Harry, and called it "Bill" (Tom softened it to Billy), and he didn't know it; but it was that smile and look that Harry gave him then that made him that night, in packing him off to bed, kiss Johnnie, for the first time for a twelvemonth.

Johnnie himself was present at the presentation, having come over for that purpose from next door, along the landing, past the steep, dark stairs (that led down to the bottom of the world, for all John knew). This one had never seen a bird before, and was frightened, where Harry was purely hilarious—though the time was coming when Tom would hold him on the window-sill, and he would offer crumbs to Billy on his own large, stumpy forefinger, with never a pang save anxiety lest the crumb should fall into the Junction instead of Billy's beak.

But this was to come later. Just now Johnnie was more frightened at the novelty than excited. Bill had barely recovered from the shock of re-establishment, and had not yet begun to wonder what the noise and the clouds around him meant; and Johnnie's father had only just shuffled away, in a dazed state of gratification at the turn of events.

Harry and Johnnie looked at each other, exchanging glances of rapture and fear.—Johnnie's eyes on a level with the bed, because this Johnnie, though five years old, had been, in his extreme youth, afflicted with that common disease of his kind which permits—nay, encourages—the upper part of the body to develop at the expense of the lower: consequently, Johnnie had a largish head for a boy of twelve, but baby legs, which were, moreover, crooked, turning out where they should have turned in, and in where they should have turned out. It was the second triumph of Tom's life (cutting Harry's hair was the first!) when Johnnie walked (tottering, and very fearful at the unknown exercise) his first steps, from Harry's bed to Tom's arms.

That was a year ago, dating back from the time Billy first came to live in the midst of the traffic. Johnnie was five years old now, and was promoted to shoes (a pair of his dead mother's slippers, which were large enough for him to have swum in) and black worsted socks! But in spite of the shoes and socks, and because Rome was not built in a day, nor is a year's incessant staggering up and down two rooms and a landing sufficient preparation for the longer flight and perilous experiment of a descent of seven flights, and a dip into the unknown outside world—this Johnnie had never left his own home except to stagger into Harry's room. And what kept Johnnie from growing fat (for he was a hearty eater!) was the go-fever in his veins—that fever that drives men out of the homeland to the farthest poles. He had the brain of a discoverer, the soul of a traveller, and the heartache of a sailor for the sea he had never heard even in his dreams. But till he was five he never left the topmost floor of the tall red house by the Junction: and he had never seen a bird fly, or a flower blow, in his life!

Johnnie looked from Tom to Harry in an ecstasy of joy beyond any speech—his head, far too heavy for his neck, at its usual angle on his shoulder; his face one vast smile! (No one was capable of such a smile as Johnnie's!)

*He* would have whistled to Bill too—so reckless was he in the new-found security of Tom's presence—had he not known Tom "hated to be copied": and it was still necessary for him to respect Tom's unwritten laws. Then Tom re-christened Bill "Billy"; and, knowing it must be tea-time, from the twilight within and the Junction lights without, he set about getting tea.

"But wot with prices goin' up, an' no coal to be got for love ner money, an' winter a comin', 'ow I'm to fill another mouth I'm bloomin' well bothered if I know," murmured the house-keeper, with a kind of desperate resignation—one eye on the jug of cold tea he was shaking up and down for immediate con-



sumption, the other on Johnnie, demurely toasting a crust before two little lumps of coke, a twisted column of greasy smoke, and one flame, so apologetic as to be almost invisible.

"An' that 'ere cage will 'ave to be swept out, hor *we* shall be taken up for a publick noosance, *Hi* know," went on Tom, softly, arranging, in a peculiar fashion of his own, the tea-crockery—which included a slop basin, the mystery of whose use he had never yet solved; but was too proud to show it, and too lordly to dispense with its apparent, but fictitious, necessity.

"An' that makes (Tom said "mykes") another to look after," he went on. "An' goodness knows two's enough bother. Johnnie 'imself's gettin' beyond the management of any Christian!"

Then Billy broke into song. Through the twilight that song came, most wonderfully and suddenly; and, being the first of its kind they had ever heard, and beyond words sweet, gripped hold of the heart of the weary, calculating housekeeper. In one brief moment Tom tasted of the joys of Paradise; and henceforward the thought of a lark's song was to stay by him, in shadow as in sunshine—to be remembered, even when the price of coals should rise still higher, or Johnnie refused to be washed.

Johnnie himself, half frightened at the suddenness of the unwonted sound, dropped his toasting-fork (which was a wooden skewer) and his half-smoked crust, and never knew when he forgot to be frightened. Billy's song was the trumpet-call to his soul, bidding him go forth and make his own all the unknown glories of the unknown world that Billy himself came out of; and never again would Johnnie be content with the two garrets and the landing! The call of the outer world had come, at last, to him who would not be able to pass it by; and for ever after the fever, that had hitherto but fitfully stirred him to rebellion, was to hold him, body and soul, in its fierce grip—for which fever, when it gets into his bones, whether he be child or man, there is no cure.

Johnnie got into trouble with Tom by burning the toast ; and "Yese teas are beastly," said Johnnie at last, following a dainty strip of cheese-paring from Tom's plate to his throat, with eyes that belied his unnatural calm. "*My* teas are good as vewy good ; gooder yan any teas I know. But your teas, Tom, are *beastly*."

Because Johnnie had no mother or sister—only a father, who was generally from home, and some brothers—he was almost as much a part of Tom's household as Harry himself. This made his last speech doubly monstrous. Tom, who might naturally have been exasperated, preserved an heroic silence.

"I'se 'ave eatin dishes an' dishes of good fings ——"

"Wot things?" was jerked anxiously out of Tom, before he made himself remember Johnnie was only lying in order to make him envious and for his own self-glorification.

"All sorties an' fings—fings you'll never will 'ave to yeat, not if you lives never so long. Youst I 'ad a negg!"

"I don't believe you," cried Tom passionately. "I dare you to say that, truth an' 'onor!"

"Youst I 'ad a negg, twoof an' 'onor," cried Johnnie, bursting with pride and a great joy that he had moved Tom at last from his cast-iron shell of superior reserve. "Youst I did 'aved a negg!"

"Wish you may die, Johnnie," said Tom, trembling a little, and rather white. He grudged Johnnie nothing in all the world ; but he was nine years old himself, and he had never had an egg in his life : and Johnnie was only five.

Tom, the next day, overhearing a thoughtless neighbour say that Harry would need meat every day to pull him through the coming winter, henceforward had two supreme objects in life—to save money both for this purpose and to buy himself an egg.

He abstracted an empty gin bottle from the household effects as money-box that same evening ; and three weeks after Billy

had been formally installed as part and parcel of the function, had saved three English farthings and a French halfpenny—the latter quite pale with its efforts to pass muster throughout English financial circles.

It was barely a month after this last epoch that Johnnie was discovered on the third step from the topmost landing; and yet with every limb in his body whole! It was Tom, coming home from the day's marketing, who found him thus. Between his basket and Johnnie's silent, rigid body, Tom was nearly dead when the three steps were ascended and he could breathe on the landing once more.

Johnnie was very quiet through the chastisement that followed; but the new reckless light in his eyes, that lit up Tom to the discovery through the gloom of the stairs, never left them from those daring minutes onwards. Henceforward, besides his calculations how Harry was to be fed and kept warm if coals should rise higher and meat remain at the present prohibitive prices, a new fear was to shadow Tom's waking hours and his dreams.

"That's the fifth time I've seen Johnnie fall down from top to bottom of the 'ouse this bloomin' week," said Tom to Billy, in his most muffled, fateful tones, the holy Christmas Week—"in little bits that 'ad to be picked hup by a brush and dustpan," said Tom, with fearful accuracy of detail.

And while Harry smiled from his bed to the back of Tom's dark, downy head, Billy, who lived on the window-sill and looked out at the traffic from a broken pane of glass during the cold season, sang back passionately in reply.

Although Tom hated and dreaded the trains that ran without intermission all day long and far into the night, to and fro beneath his window, as he hated and dreaded nothing else in life or death (for Tom had only escaped by three hours being born in the very middle of a terrible railway accident nine years ago), he lived his hours, when he was not at housework, or marketing, or waiting upon Harry looking out on the traffic.

And this was because he could not (for all his years and experience of life) get rid of the idea that some day, by mistake, the trains would turn them from going up and down the lines to bore their awful way into his house. This was a dread that was not to be spoken of, and kept Tom awake at nights in a cold sweat and agony beyond any physical torture—and Tom knew this too! Partly to be on the watch lest this thing should come to pass and catch them all unawares, and partly because the fascination of the fear was greater than could be resisted, autumn, winter, and spring found Tom, as well as Billy, Harry, and Johnnie (when this one could be torn from his new game), keeping watching or interested, but always incessant, eyes on the traffic.

Johnnie's new game was to put the stool in the middle of the room, climb seriously to the top of it, and, as seriously, to climb down to the floor. Perhaps Harry, if he could have spoken (to whom Johnnie's attempted flight down the stairs had been communicated in Tom's most awe-inspiring accents), could have thrown a light on this most mysterious and misguided exercise that neither wild horses nor Tom's most awful threats of death and judgment could drag from Johnnie himself. To make up for the loss of nearly two senses, Harry had been endowed with abnormal reasoning and deductive faculties; and he had the leisure for inference that Tom never had.

But Harry could not speak. Nor could he give utterance to the least of his tiny fancies, any more than to the greatest of his large ones. Thus, neither Tom nor Johnnie knew that Harry "fancied" himself into believing (with a belief that made him supremely happy) that Billy, with his bright little eyes, was the guardian fairy of the traffic and all pertaining thereto; and that the great unknown way of the engines on the lines, and the mysteries of every man and truck, signal, wire, and post, throughout the Junction, were secrets that Billy spun out, day by day, in his five-inch square box, and spread up and down the smoky face of the land.



But it came to pass that Harry did speak once in his life. It was a late afternoon in Billy's first early summer in the Junction, and Tom (climbing up the stairs, with his basket on one arm and the overflow of a paper bag of winkles in the other) heard strange, confused uncouth noises coming out of the garret. The garret door was always left open when Tom went out marketing. When he was within five flights of the top of the seven-floored house, coming back that day, Tom heard Billy's customary greeting to the reflection of the setting sun in a signal-box window the other side of the line. Up numbers three, four, and five flights, therefore, we may suppose the tired, harassed look swept off the housekeeper's pale face. When Tom was five flights off the ground there came a discordant strain into the golden liquid glory of Billy's greeting.

Inside, on his little, low bed, lay Harry, where Tom had left him; his face twisted in agony, and his tiny crooked finger pointing—pointing desperately, convulsively and most passionately, so that Tom's heart stopped at the sight of it.

It was of "Billy," outside, that the little crooked finger spoke. Tom, able generally to read it as we should read an open book, could not tell its present agonised desire until he saw that where he had left Johnnie, to look after Harry and the traffic, was only an upturned stool in the middle of the room!

Harry's eyes, from Billy to Tom (already frozen to a pillar of snow), told Tom the fear and the awful thing he had been powerless to prevent.

"Johnnie's run away, downstairs, out o' door, 'asn't 'e?" said Tom, in his ghastly, ear-splitting voice, into Harry's ear; and Harry, nodding convulsively, with a tear lying on each white cheek, forgot to frown at the falling of sound on his diseased ear-drum.

"I'll kill 'im, when I find 'im, for darin' to disobey," whispered Tom, and trembling like a wind-shook leaf, as he slid back from the bed, his teeth driven against each other as pebbles in the teeth of the tide.



Then Harry spoke, for the first and only time in his life—the uncouth, inhuman sounds rushing in one loud, shrill cry.

“Billy!” was what he said; and from Tom’s white, working face, his eyes shot passionate meaning to Billy’s cage.

And in that transfer of glances Tom, by the intuition that falls on us at desperate crises, understood—vaguely gathering in, at the same time, an idea of Harry’s fancy concerning Billy and his omnipotence in the outside world of the Junction. So Tom climbed up and opened Billy’s cage-door, for in Harry’s eyes he saw the hope that Billy would track the wanderer with his wild bird’s wing, and bring him home again.

Billy fell out into the world, and nearly came into shattering contact with the top of the railway wall before he remembered he had wings. When this old knowledge came back to him, by the pressure of the air on his body as he fell through it, he turned upwards and flew off into the sunset that he had not seen for nearly two years; while Harry lay back again on his pillow, nearly as ghastly as Tom in the face, by reason of the conflicting and tremendous emotions inside his little frame, but reassured and tearfully hopeful when Tom had already descended into his hell. Billy was not his forlorn hope, as it was Harry’s chief and only one: for Tom knew that he, and he only, must bring the runaway home; and Tom knew, too, that if Johnnie could successfully run the gauntlet of their slanting street—shadowed, for the truant’s further success, by the great walls of the railway—it would be the Junction lines, and the unknown ways of the great engines, that Johnnie would choose.

Tom reached the street in an incredible short space of time. Near the railway he came upon a friend, whose old, staid look, and the common bond of a charge, marked him out as one above his ordinary acquaintance in the street.

“’Ave yer seen Johnnie?” jerked out Tom, between little gasps for breath, pressing a pain that had taken the place of his

chest. "My Johnnie, as lives at the top o' the 'ouse, an' 'as crooked legs?"

"Came past 'ere like a tipsy bantam," scowled the other boy, fiercely. "Sauced me, when 'e saw I couldn't git up without wakin' my baby, till a bloomin' saint couldn't a' stood it! *You* couldn't 'ave born it yerself, Tom, an' I daresn't wake my baby."

"Where?" gasped Tom, for the second time; the first "where" having fallen unobserved in the passionate recollection of the outrage.

"Y' know wheer the men are carryin' the line hout?—just there! 'E crept through one o' the gaps they've made when they bruk down the walls, on 'is 'ands an' belly. Tom! yer'll beat 'im when yer ketches 'im, won't yer, hey Tom—ye'll beat 'im?"

Tom pushed on. "Oh! I can't!" he cried at last, half aloud, shrinking back and holding his boyish hands before him as he used to hold his baby hands on the approach of his father in the early days of his life.

He was standing in the midst of the deserted masonry, by the side of the line below the Junction, and standing in a terror beyond the power of any words to tell. "I can't!" he cried, peering wildly through the broken brickwork on to the lines—"I can't!"

When he suddenly thought that he might look up his uncle, or Johnnie's father, to take the pursuit on his own shoulders, Tom as suddenly remembered that before he could find these two he would have also to face the unknown horrors of the trains. A vague prayer was slipping about among the other burning thoughts that made his brain wheel round—"Oh! pray Gawd, 'elp me ter find my Johnnie, Cris' sake, Hamen," cried Tom's heart.

He crept through a wilderness of bricks and mortar and unhewn stone; his long, shuffling, strap-shoed feet making nothing of small mountains of the latter, or measureless beaches of the

former. Then Tom was on the line, above the Junction, and staring down the branch line that runs by canals and low meadow lands, until it pulls up, shrieking, in a large factory town.

At home Harry lay on in a puzzled, wistful state of many-ideal confusion. He was missing Billy more than Tom or Johnnie at first, and thought Johnnie must have wandered a very long way for Billy and Tom not to have brought him back before ten minutes had passed since Billy tumbled out of his cage, with the odd, fearful, little cry Harry himself had not heard. When his mother came back from charing, another ten minutes later, he frowned at her—habit unconsciously asserting itself in the midst of the new sensations. Tom's aunt scowled back greeting at him ; and, swearing at Tom for gadding about with other boys as wicked as himself, instead of minding the house, went out again—presumably to the gin-shop.

And Tom, with ten chances to one against it, did find Johnnie. A way up the branch line, where he had stared, immovably, with fear-blinded eyes, until necessity lashed him into active action, Tom found him, a little heap on the line! Tom saw him afar off, and knew him from the débris that borders the branch down line in little detached groups by his red frock and brown holland pinafore, and large, brown-haired head. More dead than alive, Tom drew near and stood over him. Johnnie, not moving hand, or foot, or muscle, looked up at Tom. There was a deathless glory in his eyes.

We are to remember that this Johnnie had never seen the setting sun, or looked up into the sky above him, or felt the breezes on his uncovered head—till now. Nor had he ever before touched the earth herself, or lain with his heart against her secrets. He was only a little heap on the line, where Tom found him, where his legs had failed him suddenly, on his first voyage of discovery ; but in his eyes was set the silent majesty of a hero's spirit, and his soul was unconquerable.

"Hi'll borrow a basket, Johnnie, an' drag yer downstairs in it, so's 'ow you kin go out walkin' with me, when I go marketin'," Tom said, very, very gently, and almost voiceless. "I'd hev took you afore this 'cept for them gawd-forsaken stairs—H' *couldn't* lug you up an' down, Johnnie," whispered Tom.

There was only remorse in his heart—remorse, flung there (to take instant bitter root) by the sudden stirring knowledge of *what* his deprivation had meant to Johnnie, who knew now no more of the world beyond that bit of the branch line he had traversed—knowledge, read off by the light of his awed, awakened eyes.

"When I've rested a bit I'll tyke you 'ome, Johnnie, an' we'll go out together. And *Hi'll* show you the world, Johnnie—the big, big world you've never seen—pore little Johnnie!"

Johnnie put up his arms. His eyes met Tom's, and there was in them the first reflection of the first red sunlight that had ever shone there. Johnnie could not speak, because of the wonder, and majesty, and the divine glory of the sun, and sky, and earth, and his own tremendous thoughts.

"I must pull you hup 'longside the wall while the train goes by, Johnnie," said Tom, as Johnnie's hands met tightly round his neck; and, speaking quicker than his heart had begun to whirl round again at the renewed sound of the almost forgotten trains, Tom pulled Johnnie into safety as he spoke.

The fear that lay behind Tom's low, quiet voice, in the saying of those five words, "while the train goes by," can never be told in print.

As the train went by, to the roar of the engine and the rattle of the carriages, the wheels in his head and breast that had stood still at the finding of Johnnie raced round again; and the whole world spun round for a little while, and Tom with it. Perhaps that while was only a moment, perhaps five, or more or less. Tom never knew when he found himself shuffling along, under lee of the wall, boring down the line with Johnnie lying



against his throbbing body : Johnnie's arms tight round Tom's neck, Tom's own arms round Johnnie's body, and Johnnie's little legs dangling against Tom's long grey ones.

"Oh ! Johnnie, Johnnie ! if you 'ad a littler 'ead an' body, Hi could carry you hall the way," sobbed Tom at last.

Bodily progress was very slow, though the moments flew by like the wheels of a red-hot train itself. Because of those trains which might come up any minute behind them, and overtake them before they could get out of their way, it behoved Tom to throw a backward glance over his shoulder every ten seconds. If they could once get to the Junction, where the branch line ran across the main, Tom knew they would be safe. Then he need try to keep out of the way of the trains no longer, but would wave his arm as a signal for the signalmen or railway men who overran the Junction, and they would come and pilot them back into safety, where they would be thrashed and certainly put into prison for being on the line without leave. The pleasant comfort of this thought—as embodying the touch of a strong hand, where he was all alone with Johnnie in the midst of the utter loneliness of the branch line—upheld Tom as a helping arm, as he stumbled along the lines that dazzled him in the glow of the setting sun.

"The wall 'ides us now," thought Tom, plodding on more hopefully. "When we git to the Junction some feller will be bloomin' certain sure to see us."

And—"Kin yer walk, Johnnie?" said Tom, with his last breath, when they were within twenty yards of the Junction, and the signals, and safety—nor ever knowing how near his racing heart had been to stopping short for good and all as he spoke.

For reply, Johnnie unclosed his arms and slid down by jerks. A faint colour came back to Tom's lips at the supreme relief of it.

Johnnie's hand in his was very moist and hot. His own was dry, like a piece of frozen wood ; but it fastened over Johnnie's, as Johnnie's held his, in the tightened grip of a passionate understanding on both sides.



Tom's fateful voice, with the Ratcliff Highway strain, rose once again in quick, muffled jerks: "'Ere's another train," said he, when they had got so far as the end of the branch line, at the head of the wall where that line crosses the main. "Hits comin' down this line, be'ind us agin, damn it," said Tom.

They shrank into the wall to let it thunder past. The signal went up as another signal, a little higher up the main line, went down. "*We'll* signal 'ere," whispered Tom, whose voice had left him for ever. "They can't be such *fools* has not to see us 'ere," he whispered, with fierce, sobbing emphasis.

Raising his numbed arm, Tom swung it once round above his head, and, stepping forward with Johnnie, as he did so, from the branch to the main line, heard a great shouting, and found himself looking straight into the sun.

Tom's steps were generally very long; but the stress of the moment did not cause him to forget to halve them for Johnnie's sake—who took five to every one of his. When Tom (blinded and confused by the redness and closeness of the sun, and dazed beyond fear by the last train—under whose passing the world was still shaking) stepped from the obscurity of the little branch line to the great, red-lit, shouting world of the main, it was a very little step he took, with Johnnie's hand clasped tight in his, and Johnnie's little crooked legs and turned-in feet—with the shoes so much too big for him—staggering by his side. A very little step!—yet a long step too—the longest that his long, grey legs, or Johnnie's little ones would ever take.

For, though the second wooden arm had been lowered for the clear passage through of one of the down expresses, the thundering shout—that fell dully on Tom's ears, nor at all on Johnnie's—was only for *themselves* and *their* signal of alarm. As a stone shot from the sling—to those who saw it from the Junction, and shouted at the seeing—the express came out of the south, and, shooting northwards by the crimson sunset, swept Tom and Johnnie off their feet. The long and the little feet that

stepped out so bravely that last little and long step from the branch line to the main——

Little, since Johnnie's feet had compassed it in one of his staggering strides, and long because they stepped therewith straight from the line into the red sunlight, and beyond the sun itself and the great stars, and through the floor of Heaven, right up to that garden where they say One sits on His throne, among the cowslips and daisies, while the children play at His feet.

K. DOUGLAS KING.

### *The Science and Harmony of Smell.*

**I**T is a well-known fact that one of the most distinctive features in the progress of the human race, one that may also be said to form an essential part of that progress, is the advertence given by the human mind to things that appeared so small as to be unworthy of observation, or too trivial to deserve any serious attention. The history of nations or of individuals may be comprised in a single sentence. At the first glance we may take in the contents of a picture or scenic representation. We may imagine that the knowledge we derive therefrom is sufficiently comprehensive. A few questions, however, will very soon convince us of the contrary. A thorough knowledge, both of one and the other, entails a long and laborious research. We have to examine and compare part by part, we have to distinguish the principal groupings from those which are only accessory, and to fix our attention successively on all, even the most minute objects, before our minds can take in fully what is presented to them.

The whole universe may thus be compared to one vast picture placed before our minds by the Divine Artist, God. The older the human race becomes, and the more its mental faculties are increased and developed by study and experience, so much the minute and analytic becomes its knowledge of every part and feature of the handiwork of the Almighty. This condition of

mankind may be said to be partly traditional, partly experimental. As soon as ever a new member of the human family leaps into existence, he begins to acquire that precious treasure of truth and knowledge that, at the cost of so much labour and suffering, had been accumulated by past generations. The elements of reading and writing, the practical acquaintance with the use of numbers, the knowledge of the physical configuration of the globe and the collocations of its various territories, the history of past ages with their varied burden of sorrow and happiness, guilt and merit—these and all the other departments of human learning that from the earliest days of childhood are imparted to him, are all the result and product of the labour that has gone before. Together with this, however, we find another instrument of acquiring knowledge, and that is the use and training of the five senses. Through a judicious employment of the sight and of the hearing marvellous discoveries have been made in optics and acoustics; while through experiments chiefly directed to these two important organs of sense, truths already discovered are taught and conveyed to others in a far more luminous and analytic manner than they would have done if resort were had to book knowledge alone.

It is strange, however, that while such careful study has been devoted to the organs of sight and hearing, and to the *stimuli* that act upon them, so little attention should, as yet, have been given to the other means of physical communication between ourselves and the outer world. Through a diligent and experimental study of air and light vibrations, two sciences have been built up, marvellous for the mathematical exactness of their principles, and for the practical bearing which they have upon the comfort and material well-being of the human race.

Now, since there is a marvellous analogy between the *modus operandi* of the organs of sight, hearing, and smell, why should it not be possible to build up a similar science regarding the sense of smell? Such an acquired knowledge might not, it is true,



be of any practical scientific utility, but there is no reason why, by means of it, the artistic pleasure of man might not be wonderfully extended and also intensified.

The first important feature in the analogy between the sense of smell and that of hearing is that in both a sensation or feeling is produced by vibration caused in the nerve by external particles. Directly a chord, for example, is struck, it begins to vibrate more or less rapidly, and these vibrations are communicated to the air immediately surrounding; thus, after passing through a series of air strata, at length reaching the tympanum of the ear, which is made to vibrate accordingly. So is it with an odorous body, though the medium in this case is different. It was at first thought that smell might be produced by the mere contact of the tiny particles of an odoriferous body with the olfactory nerve. This, however, is not sufficient. The sense of smell is specifically different from the sense of touch, and if the aforesaid theory were held true, then smell would simply be a highly modified form of the sense of touch. Something else, besides the simple contact with a foreign body, is required to produce the sense of smell. That is the rapid vibrations of the particles received into the nostrils. No other cause could possibly be imagined capable of giving rise to the same effect. The roughness or smoothness of the particles in question, their size and configuration, cannot be considered as essential, for these simply pertain to the more or less delicate perception of the sense of touch. Vibration, therefore, alone can be considered capable of producing the sensation of smell.

In diversity of sounds and that of smells there is also a great analogy. There are acute sounds and grave sounds, the former being caused by a more numerous and rapid, the other by a less number of vibrations. The ratio, moreover, between the one and the other is constant, so that the degree of acuteness increases hand in hand with the number of vibrations. Now, a similar process can be shown by experiment to exist in the diversity of



odoriferous sensations. Even the common and daily experience of ordinary people distinguishes between acute or pungent and grave smells. It is difficult to find words to express the various qualities of an odour, because so little attention has hitherto been paid to this department of experimental knowledge. Smells that are not distinctly perceptible bear a close resemblance with extremely low and grave sounds, whereas smells that are pungent and sharp are to the science of olfactory sensations what acute sounds are to the science of acoustics. What, however, demonstrates more strongly than ever the acuteness of smell depending upon an increasing number of vibrations is the following simple experiment. Let us place within a convenient distance from the nostrils some hard, metallic, odoriferous body, of such material that by striking different parts of it we elicit sounds more or less acute. It will then be observed that the pungency of the odour will increase in direct ratio with the acuteness of the sound. This clearly shows that diversity of pitch is due, both in one case and in the other, to difference of vibration.

Another distinguishing quality of sound is what generally goes by the name of timbre. Every substance when struck or made to vibrate produces a sound, not only of a certain given pitch, but also of a certain quality, according to the substance that is in question. The note C, for example, may be made to proceed from both a stringed and wind instrument; but the quality of the sound, though it be of the same pitch, will be decidedly different. A similar phenomenon manifests itself in the causation of odoriferous sensations. Two odours may be pungent, and, though they may even have the same degree of pungency, their quality will be decidedly different. The smell produced by the spirit of ammonia and that produced by strong acid wine is, in both cases, pungent; but their timbre, to borrow a term hitherto used only in the science of acoustics, has nothing whatever in common. This quality, moreover, cannot

be confounded with the mere strength or weakness of the smell. No matter to what an extent the odour may be multiplied and intensified, it does not change in the slightest degree the timbre, which, amidst all the variations of *piano* and *forte*, remains identically the same.

A still more curious analogy or parallel *modus operandi* is observable in the harmonious combinations of sounds and smells. When, according to a mathematically systematised series of vibrations, various sounds are conveyed to the ear, a new sensation is then produced, which could not possibly have been produced by any one of them acting in an isolated manner, apart from the others. This is the resultant effect of the many sounds acting concurrently upon the acoustic nerve. Although, however, the sensation of harmony is the co-existent effect of these simultaneous forces, it does not follow that it cannot be split by observation and advertence into its respective parts. On the contrary, in any harmony whatever, we can always distinguish, one by one, its component parts. So is it in the case of smells. Observation will show that many odours can combine together so as to produce a distinct sensation quite different from any that was produced by them individually. We can, moreover, perform the same operation as in acoustic harmony, dwelling upon one or other of the component parts, for a greater or less period of time, according to our fancy or caprice. There is, however, this divergence: that whereas the nature of acoustic harmony depends, as such, upon the varied pitch of the different notes, in the case of many odours commingling together the resultant sensation depends upon the varied timbre of the individual odours which are coalescing.

Very little attention, if any, has been hitherto paid to the artistic combination of smells. While every other sense has been made the subject of exhaustive researches, and thus made to contribute to the comfort and well-being of man, this alone has been, to a great extent, neglected and despised. Most desperate efforts

are made, day after day, to furnish new combinations of harmonies to the musical ear ; while pictures, designs, and cuttings are everywhere exercising and improving the discernment of the eye, nay, even the sense of touch is appealed to by soft, luxurious furniture, and the palate tickled by the efforts of rival *chefs de cuisine*, the sense of smell is considered either too vague or too trivial to deserve any scientific or artistic labour. And yet what a wonderful aid to the enjoyment of a fine, beautiful landscape is not the smell of the grass and purple heather, how composing to the nerves the smell of fragrant incense ! If Nature herself has enhanced her beauties by clothing her choicest products with the sweetest odours, why should we neglect this powerful aid to the pleasures and artistic enjoyment of man ? Considered in itself, it is well worthy of the name of science, and has all the properties and dignity of such ; while, whether employed alone, or as a subsidiary aid to the more important arts, it is also worthy of a high claim upon artistic appreciation.

J. A. DEWE.

*German Art.*

**S**IR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A., distributed the prizes to the successful students of the Royal Academy Schools, in the presence of a large number of Academicians and Associates, and friends of the students. In the list of the prize-winners we are pleased to see that the Landseer Scholarship in Sculpture, of £40 a year, tenable for two years, has been awarded a young Catholic sculptor, Mr. Everard Stourton. After distributing the prizes the President proceeded to deliver his address to the students in the following terms :

Students of the Royal Academy,—On the last three occasions on which I have asked you to follow me in a brief inquiry into the relation of artistic production to the conditions under which it is evolved, I dealt, successively, with the three principal races, commonly described as Latin—namely, the Italian, the Spanish, and the French races. To-night I propose to ask you to pass with me from the Latin world into a world offering to it the abruptest contrast, ethical and intellectual—I mean the Teutonic world ; and on this occasion I shall consider especially the portion of it now known as Germany—not the narrower Germania of Tacitus, hemmed in on the west by the Rhine, by the Danube on the south, and divided, as he quaintly tells us, on the east from the land of the Sarmatians by the valid bulwark of mutual fear, nor, on the other hand, the vast Germanic Empire ruled



over by Charlemagne—but the Germany of modern maps, together with the German portions of the Austrian Empire. Nevertheless, in forming an estimate of the German genius, we may not shut out from view its early influence beyond these limits; neither that of the Ostrogoths, and, after them, of the Longobards in Italy, nor that of the Franks in Gaul, a land to which they bequeathed a name, and where, leavening a more numerous indigenous Celtic stock, they produced that happy racial compound to which we owe, amongst other things, the highest achievement of Christian architecture.

In considering the subject we have before us to-day, we shall find ourselves confronted with a strangely perplexing phenomenon; for we are brought face to face with a people possessed during many centuries with a strong craving for artistic expression, and reaching on occasions to achievement of a very high order, and yet, as a whole, wanting, it seems to me, in qualities which we connect with the artistic temper, and which are, no doubt, indispensable for the attainment of supreme excellence—a people which, through the exceptional fruitfulness of its æsthetic impulses, or, more accurately, perhaps, of its desire for expression through form and colour, and in virtue of the power, the thoroughness, and the masculine sincerity which stamp its handiwork, establishes a just claim to a prominent place in the wide republic of the arts, and has, nevertheless, put upon the world, by the side of many and noble masterpieces, a quite curious amount of ungainly, and at times all but repellent, work. Certain qualities, I said, seem to be wanting in the æsthetic constitution of the race; and these are, as I think, the instinct—I mean, of course, in the graphic arts—of congruity and fitness, the sense of rhythm, and a perception of the value of restraint and of repose, attributes in the absence of which the highest sense of beauty would be sought in vain. It is impossible, indeed, to survey, however cursorily, the immense field of German activity in art, without being powerfully impressed by the high



qualities revealed in every part of it ; nevertheless, the final impression left by such a survey is of a people amongst which the ethic sense is constantly predominant over the æsthetic impulse, and we are made conscious that if we have been frequently moved to respectful appreciation and admiring wonder, it is but seldom that we have been conscious of that sweet, that enveloping, that sufficing sense which has its springs only in the æsthetically beautiful. Surely the noblest and fullest expression of the deep elements of poetry which lie at the roots of the German nature has not been conveyed to the world through the means of form and colour ; it is not on waves of light, but on waves of sound that it has been given to Germans to carry us into the purest region of æsthetic delight.

It will be my endeavour, in the rapid sketch to which the limits of our time restrict me, to make good this criticism, and whilst doing full justice to the admirable achievements of German art, to show you by examples how it has been, in my view, affected by the flaws to which I have pointed. In the vivid picture of the Germans spread before us by Tacitus, one peculiarity of temperament is noted, which had a powerful influence on their eventual development in art—to wit, their intense feeling of personal independence ; a feeling of which he gives an amusing illustration. "Their warriors," he says, "when summoned to meet for deliberation in public assembly, will loiter by the way even to the second and third day, lest it should seem that they had met under compulsion." Now, strong as were from the earliest times the external influences to which German art was beholden, its national characteristics were never forfeited, and a sturdy independence and local flavour marked it throughout. In the aspect of the country itself, also, the description given by the same historian points to a feature which had no small influence over the future of the art of Germany—namely, the presence of vast tracts of forest ; wood early became and ever remained a favoured material with

the Germans ; carpentry and carving were at all times a passion with them, and in the latter they achieved prodigies of ingenuity and skill. Meanwhile, whatever other modifications may have been effected by the great shifting of the Germanic tribes when, under the pressure of the encroaching Huns, they flooded, in the beginning of the fifth century of our era, the Western and Southern lands of Europe, the Germans are, when we first meet them in the Carlovingian Era, and even earlier, in one respect radically different from the men whom Tacitus presents to us as singularly indifferent to adornment and without care for the precious metals. At this time a very different spectacle is offered to us ; a love of splendour and of personal adornment—a love fed by the spoils of Italy, and fired by the sight of Italian pomp—had, on the contrary, become general amongst German warriors and chiefs, as is attested by the extraordinary abundance of ornaments, and especially of brooches of rich design and precious material, which has been yielded up by their tombs throughout the country. This love of magnificence and of adornment of the person has, it may be observed, never wholly left the Germans ; it gave in the Middle Ages a most precious impulse to what they call the lesser arts, *die Kleinkünste*, and may still be noted in the taste for pageantry and processions which survives amongst them and their Teutonic kinsmen in Flanders to our day.

The first great impulse to art in Germany proper was given by Charlemagne, a prince, as you know, of vast and noble ambition, whose dream, in a large measure fulfilled in his time, was of a great, broadly-based Christian Empire of the West, which should rival pagan Rome herself in splendour ; and who sought to establish the greatness of that Empire, not on military supremacy alone, but on intellectual culture and artistic achievement. I say in Germany proper, because on Italian soil Theodoric the Ostrogoth had already, early in the sixth century, adorned the capital of his dominions, Ravenna, in emulation of

Imperial Rome, and under strong Roman influence, with buildings—churches, palaces, and a mausoleum, in which was sown the seed of the future and finest development of German architecture; and this building activity which marked the Ostrogoths was maintained under their successors, the Longobards, who were famous as architects through the Middle Ages, and who, from the ruder efforts of the Duomo Vecchio of Brescia, were to rise to such achievements as Sant' Ambrogio at Milan and San Zeno at Verona. If of the palaces of Charlemagne but vague traces have been preserved, we are fortunate in possessing, in almost its original form, though modified in aspect, and not improved by a choir added to it in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a stately tomb-church which he raised for himself at Aachen in the last years of the eighth century, and for which he drew his inspiration, through Ravenna, from ancient Rome; and this building became in its turn the great prototype of the circular churches subsequently erected in Germany. Just as this circular plan, which came to be used not for churches only, but also for baptisteries, was drawn from the South, so also the other and predominant model for Christian churches, the basilica form, came, as did every gift of civilisation, from beyond the Alps. It has been necessary to allude here to the artistic initiative of Charlemagne, not only because he was a purely German prince, but because the centre of his Empire and his chief residence were in German Aachen, but you are to remember that Germany proper—*i.e.*, the kingdom of East Franconia and Saxony—only came into existence at the Treaty of Verdun, by which the Empire of Charlemagne was divided at his death amongst his sons. We have not to trace the history of the new German State, but it is necessary here to note that whilst the division between the eastern and western Frankish kingdoms is henceforth maintained, the southern portion of the Carolingian dominion which carried the Imperial title became eventually

merged into the German State, and under Otho I. we find the "Holy Roman Empire" coming into existence; to the infinite bane of Germany. With it grew dreams of a vast Imperial dominion, of which the centre of gravity should be in Rome, like that of the Empire whose purple it had assumed, dreams that led to that deadly struggle between Emperors and Popes in which the great House of Hohenstaufen finally fell, dragging down with it in its fall the supremacy of Germany in the Western world.

Meanwhile, the days of the Hohenstaufen had been for Germany days of great splendour and fame—days filled with the fervour of the Crusaders and gracious with high and chivalrous ideals. In those days German poetry, fired by contact with France, reached the highest level it was to attain previous to its reawakening at the end of the last century. Then it was—a hundred years before Dante—that the knightly mystic, Wolfram von Eschenbach, sang of Parsival and the Quest and Winning of the Holy Graal; then it was, also, that another tuneful knight, Walter von der Vogelweide, struck his harp, singing blithely of the love of women, boldly, too, of wrong at Rome. At this time, also, were brought together in one great national epic the ancient legends of the deeds and death of Siegfried, of Brunhild's wrath, and of Criemhild's revenge; and during this favouring age it was that in architecture a vigorous national style reached maturity and prevailed until, with the advent of French supremacy, French influence profoundly affected throughout Europe the spirit of the builder's art. It was in the region watered by the Rhine that art in Germany reached its earliest maturity—a region in which, apart from the close neighbourhood of a richly-gifted Celtic race, everything conspired to favour its growth; but especially the wealth and power of the cities that rose along the river's bank—seats of mighty bishoprics, vying one with the other in pomp and splendour, such as Mayence, Cologne, and Spire. Accordingly,



the churches of the Rhineland form, as a whole, the most imposing group in the Romanesque architecture of Germany. But if we see in such churches, for instance, as the Doms of Spire, Worms, and Mayence, the Apostelkirche, and St. Martin the Great, in Cologne, the completest specimens of the style in its earlier and transitional phases, as well as the most interesting illustration of the freedom of treatment which it admitted, the harvest of architecture was rich also in other provinces of the kingdom—in Swabia, in Franconia, in Westphalia, in Nether Saxony. It will suffice to name such noble buildings as the Scotch Church of St. James at Ratisbon, the Doms of Bamberg, Brunswick, and Osnabruck, and the Godehardi and Michael's churches at Hildesheim, noting, by the way, that the sculpture of caps, friezes, and mouldings in Franconia and North Germany is, as far as I have seen it, superior to that produced in the Rhenish Provinces.

This German-Romanesque style—for I must adhere, with the Germans themselves, to this appellation, for which Ferguson prefers to substitute "Early Gothic," because the word "Gothic" seems to me to attach emphatically to certain principles rather than to certain forms, and to be, therefore, unsuited to a style in which those principles are not embodied—this German-Romanesque, then, I say, has distinctive characteristics, of which some contain elements of great beauty—such, for example, as the great octagonal dome-like towers that crown the crossings of their Cathedrals—a noble feature which might have reached yet more striking developments had not the style succumbed to the invading French influence in the thirteenth century. These octagonal domes, rising boldly above the intersection of nave and transept, and grouped with flanking towers, to which an elegant external gallery frequently unites them, majestically gather up the whole design in a culminating feature, adding emphasis where taste and construction alike suggest it. Another characteristic feature, on the other hand, appears to me to involve a violation of every

fitness, and to illustrate, therefore, the indictment on which I ventured just now—I mean the almost invariable presence in the churches of this period of a western as well as an eastern apse. This arrangement, whatever its first determined cause—whether, as has been variously said, the desire to do equal honour to the relics of two Saints of like dignity, or the necessity of absorbing into an enlarged structure a mausoleum or a baptistery previously independent of it—is of considerable antiquity, and is already fully adopted in the interesting ground plan of a Benedictine Convent in the ninth century now existing in the library of the old Irish foundation of St. Gallen, in Switzerland. Its permanent retention, however, must be laid to the account of the German builder. Externally the effect of this disposition is monotonous and perplexing, but it is in the interior that it chiefly jars on our sense of artistic propriety; and the jar is made more sensible by the fact that the choirs being built over crypts are, by an arrangement in itself very dignified and impressive, raised to a considerable height above the floor of the nave, from which they are approached either on the sides or in the centre by broad flights of steps. The entrance to these churches is, in the majority of cases, at the side; and the eye of the spectator, controlled as he enters by no dominant object, is solicited simultaneously and distressingly in two diametrically opposite directions. Each individual group of apse and dome suffers by rivalry with the other, and, to crown the special unfitness of the arrangement in a sacred building, neither apse can be faced at such a distance as permits of grasping its design as a whole in its connexion with the nave without turning the back full and immediately on that before which no Catholic passes without reverent genuflection. I am bold to say that such a disposition could not have found general acceptance among a people in which a sense of æsthetic fitness was congenital and strong. Another sin against propriety in design is exemplified in the otherwise beautiful Apostelkirche in Cologne—namely,

the placing of a transept at the western extremity of a church, which, for an exception, is entered from that quarter. You feel at once that the scattering of the attention to the right and to the left, at a point from which it should on the contrary be gathered up and directed to the eastern apse, involves a palpable flaw in the composition. I would fain, after these strictures, dwell on some of the many beauties of these churches; but the limits of your time forbid my doing so, and I must now pass on to the second stage of German architecture, to which art I will, for convenience and continuity, momentarily confine my attention.

With the downfall of the Hohenstaufen dynasty and the advent of French ascendancy, a great and far-reaching change came over the builder's art in Germany—not, indeed, by evolution and organic growth, as in the Isle de France, but solely by contagion; an importation from without, not a development from within, and therefore without normal inner life. Gothicism supplanted that national form of art in which Germany had till then expressed her powerful idiosyncrasy. I know no more striking instance of the growth of sound criticism in art within the last generation or two, or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say of its shallowness in certain matters till very recent times—times within my own vivid recollection—than that it was up to that date an article of faith through the length and breadth of Germany—and this in spite of history and internal evidence—that the Gothic style was *par excellence* the national home-born style of Germany; and a deluded patriotism has had, no doubt, much to do with the retention in Germany alone of “black letter,” the Gothic character, though its crabbed angularities and the licence of its flourishes found, it is true, especially favouring soil in the peculiarities of the æsthetic temper of the people. Nay, if we go back to the end of the last century, we find Goethe himself almost angrily asserting, not only that this style in architecture was indigenous in Germany, but that no other nation had an

indigenous style at all. "For," he says, "the Italians have none, and still less the Frenchmen"—the Frenchmen, its only true begetters! Now the slightest study of the style in Germany shows us—and I say this in full consciousness of the prodigious achievement embodied in the Cathedral of Cologne, and with ungrudging recognition of the many and great beauties of certain other isolated examples—that the Germans, as a race, were, speaking broadly, never at one in spirit with Ogival architecture. The result was such as you would expect. In the use of a form of architecture which was not of spontaneous growth in their midst, and unrestrained, moreover, as they were by a sound, innate, instinct of æsthetic fitness, German builders were often led into solecisms, incongruities, and excesses, from which in the practice of their native style they had been largely free. As an instance of this lack of a perception of fitness and organic harmony I would point to their frequent favouring of a square box-like shape in the shell of churches of which the detail is Gothic—a shape produced by making nave and aisles of equal height, thus restoring the predominance of the horizontal line, while professedly using a style of which the fundamental lineal character is vertical and upward-striving. Again, of the lack of delight in rhythmic variety which I have imputed to them, no more marked instance can be given than the not infrequent equalisation of the width, also, of the aisles and the nave; or, what is even worse, an approximate equalisation, so that to the discomfort arising out of the crushed aspect of the nave between the encroaching aisles, a perplexity is added as to the exact relative width of the central and lateral areas. An intolerable example of this vagary, and not this vagary only, is furnished in the Sebalduskirche in Nuremberg. Again, the surprising clumsiness with which the style was sometimes used is seen in the rude fashion in which occasionally enlarged east ends are clapped on—I can find no other word—to an earlier and narrower nave. I will take for an illustration the Cathedral of Augsburg, and



observe that this church was erected and tolerated in a great and famous centre of artistic activity whence, later on, many fine works of every kind went forth to the honour of the Swabian school. In this church—I shudder as I remember its exterior—a choir at least half as high again as the nave and of the usual cubic shape is stuck on to, or against, that nave, *ex abrupto*, without a trace of an attempt at articulation and transition, and with an effect I leave you to imagine; but what you hardly can imagine is the aspect presented here by a circular east end and ambulatory crushed round a square choir. In this wonderful structure the workmanship vies with the design; one shaft at the north-east end of the choir—and, by the way, all the shafts rise without bases from the floor—stands truncated and vacant at the top, because, apparently, it did not work out so as to meet the adjacent vaulting-rib, which it was destined to carry. Such solecisms, I repeat, did not occur when the Germans built, if you will allow me the expression, in their own language.

And this foreign invasion has further curious effects. We saw on a previous occasion how, in the Ogival style in France, line became, by a natural process, predominant over plane. Now the love of lines (and especially, as we shall see later on, of curved and curling lines) was strong amongst the Germans, and, with it, a delight in intricacy and involution, and a curious fondness for seeing through and behind things to other and yet other things beyond—a trait, perhaps, not confined to the æsthetic side of their organisation—and these tendencies, uncurbed and fed by an ingenuity that exulted in manual *tours de force*, found peculiar scope in Gothic architecture. Let us look at one or two instances. We noted in France a tendency here and there in certain over-ripe specimens of the style to treat the external decoration of a wall, in part, as an independent open screen, and this tendency found, as you will expect from what I have said just now, congenial soil in the German temper; sometimes, in gifted hands, with results, let it be owned,

that seduce us while we criticise them. As an example, take that portion of the west end of Strasburg Cathedral that is due to Erwin von Steinbach, and which shows over a façade complete already in itself an independent and lace-like screen of arcades and colonnettes of unbelievable attenuation, of a slimmness, indeed, which suggests iron rather than stone, and illustrates that want of consent between material and design which is not infrequent in German-Gothic—not least markedly, I think, in their famous open-work spires. You will not be surprised to hear that this dainty veil of stone which covers the whole height of Erwin's façade has to be held together from top to bottom by a net of innumerable iron ties. Of this passion for veiling ornament with ornament in accumulated intricacy abundant instances are to be found in Germany, and it reached, perhaps, its extreme expression in those late Gothic pulpits in the erratic tracery of which the eye is carried on through layer beyond layer of fantastic scroll-work, only not worthy of a Chinese carver inasmuch as it lacks the elegance and restraint of the Mongolian work. But in nothing are we made more conscious of the fact that, in Gothic work, the German—I speak, of course, of the average German architect—was handling an art with which he had, so to speak, no inward spiritual connexion, than his treatment of tracery, of pinnacle-work and of vaulting-ribs, wherein a clumsy dulness alternates with unbridled caprice; and this unrestrained extravagance is, perhaps, not least curiously displayed in internal work and in the handling of pinnacles, which German carvers habitually twist and twirl according to their wayward fancy, and in utter oblivion of the original function, constructive and decorative, of this particular feature. An acute example of this disordered propensity is offered in a carved reredos at Rothenburg, due to the hand of Tilman Riemenschneider—a carver, by the way, of superlative skill, and conscious of it; here the pinnacles, not content with swaying and curling in a strange delirium, intertwine and em-

brace, and shoot out to exorbitant and sinuous lengths, snake-like, and armed with forked tongues, then finally pass frankly over into the form of briars, adorned here and there with a few shrivelled curling leaves. But not less remarkable developments may occasionally be observed in the use of the vaulting-rib, a feature of which the primary constructive significance might have been expected to shield it from a too lawless treatment. An instance, extreme I admit, is to be seen in the Church of St. Leonard, in Frankfurt. Here, in a small side-chapel, you will be startled to find a knot of vaulting-ribs tanged in a wild debauch, at a distance of a yard, more or less, from the vault itself, with which, indeed, they disclaim all connexion, plunging right and left, at different levels, now into a bare wall and now into a window-jamb, according to their own wild will. I have often wondered at the strange contrast between the reticent and grave sobriety of the architecture of Germany before the fall of the Hohenstaufens and its erratic self-indulgence in the Gothic period. One cause amongst others was, no doubt, the passing of architecture more and more out of the hands of ecclesiastics into those of masons who were laymen. In the hands of a people possessed, as the French were, throughout with a delicate and restraining artistic instinct, a similar transition wrought for good rather than for harm ; in Germany, with the less subtle and less safe æsthetic instincts of its people, the undeniable gain in variety and individuality was outweighed by the growth of mere handicraftsman's dexterity, and by the prevalence of the uncouth spirit of the *bourgeois*, with his absorbing delight in a puzzle.

Let me not, however, convey to your minds the impression that, apart from three or four famous examples, the Gothic churches of Germany are devoid of charm. This would be, indeed, to mislead you ; nevertheless, where charm is found, it arises mainly not in architectural purity and finish, but in qualities of colour, of variety, and of suggestion—qualities which

we painters should surely be the last to underrate. I will quote as an example the Church of St. Lorenz, in Nuremberg. Nothing could well be more delightful than the impression which you receive on entering it; the beauty of the dark brown stone, the rich hues of the stained glass, the right relation of tone-value, to use a painter's term, between the structure and the lights—a relation sometimes wanting in French work, where the untempered lightness of the stone leaves us almost in doubt to which side the balance of tone leans—the sombre blazoned shields which cluster along the walls; the succession of pier beyond pier of pictures, powerful in colour and enhanced by the gleaming gold of fantastic carven frames; above all, the succession of picturesque objects in mid air above you, a large chandelier, a stately rood-cross, and, to crown all, Veit-Stosz's masterpiece, "The Annunciation," rich with gold and colour; all these things conspire to produce a whole delightful and poetic, in spite of much that invites criticism in the architectural forms themselves. The same may be said of the far larger, statelier, and more famous Stephans Kirche, in Vienna, which, however, while it is even more solemn in its mellow gloom, is a building of much more individual character, and, in many respects, of far higher merit. In the Strasburg Cathedral we approach, as is natural in the valley of the Rhine, much more closely to the French type, and have a far more perfect expression of Ogival art, though of a less distinctive physiognomy; whilst, however, its internal effect is very impressive and delightful, it must be conceded that it owes a large part of its majesty and power to its choir and transepts, which are Romanesque and magnificent examples of that style.

Well, after all that I have ventured to advance in criticism of German-Gothic churches, in which the true spirit of the style has not seemed to me to be assimilated, something has yet to be said concerning that stupendous achievement, the Cathedral



of Cologne, a monument of indomitable will, of science, and of stylistic orthodoxy. Imposing as it is externally from its colossal magnitude, its full impressiveness is to be felt in the interior. Based closely, but not slavishly, upon one of the noblest examples in France, Robert de Luzarche's masterpiece at Amiens, its beautiful rhythm, its noble consistency and unity, its soaring height, rivet the beholder's gaze and fill him with that sense of uplifting of the spirit which breathes from the unbroken upward-striving lines of a lofty Gothic nave; nevertheless, the sum of sensation produced by this marvellous structure as a whole is not, I think, entirely satisfying. We feel that we are in the presence and under the spell of a powerful will grasping serenely and solving with unfailing intellectual resource a scientific problem; we bow, accordingly, before a triumph of science and volition; we are not, as it seems to me, thrilled by the kindling touch of genius. And it is especially in the contemplation of the exterior that the sense of something wanting possesses us; the repetition *ad infinitum* of almost identical forms, and particularly of a fabulous multitude of vertical lines of extraordinary tenuity in comparison with the bulks over which they are strung, impart an arithmetical aridity to the whole that to me smacks, I must own, of prose and poverty of inspiration. I should wish, before leaving this church and the style of which it is the supreme example in Germany, to invite you to share with me a lesson which I learnt from it on the value of sobriety in the distribution of ornament, a lesson which may, perhaps, at this time, not be valueless to my young architectural friends. The choir of Cologne Cathedral is a model of unadorned simplicity; caps to the shafts, and a simple string-course below the triforium are its sole enrichments. The rather later nave is identical with the choir in all respects save one: the architect conceived the idea — at the outset an unsound one — of making it, though further from the main focus of interest, a little richer in decoration; and, accord-

ingly, he added on the shoulders of the arches a cresting of crockets, not in themselves objectionable, and at their springing a row of grotesque birds—a slight addition, you will say, in so vast an edifice, yet startlingly and most instructively detrimental to the unity and chastity of the design. So important are seeming trifles in this great and stately art. Time does not allow me to do more than allude to the brick architecture of the North German Provinces, interesting as it is. Of the churches known to me the most remarkable is the Marien Kirche, at Lübeck, which, however, with all its merits, leaves again beyond every other impression that of a style and a material not consenting one with the other. Very striking and absolutely original and of the soil are the civic buildings in glazed and coloured bricks of these northern cities, buildings of which the effect is in some ways very pleasing, though rather toy-like, and marred at times by the excessive thickness of the mortar-bed between the bricks and the obtrusive conscientiousness of the pointing.

It is curious to observe how, in spite of the exotic nature of the Gothic style, its outer forms took in the end so strong a hold on German artists that they clung to them with all the tenacity of their race for some time after they had been generally abandoned in Europe, so that in art the movement known as the Renaissance did not finally prevail in Germany till nearly a hundred years later than in Italy, from whence it emanated. Various causes besides Teutonic tenacity contributed to this circumstance. For some considerable time art, as we have already observed, had passed into the hands of the burghers and artisans, and not the practice of art only, but all love and care for it; for in the upper classes culture had disappeared; the days of chivalry and its knightly singers were buried in oblivion; coarseness and brutality reigned unchallenged. In the world of intelligence the burgher class was supreme; its sturdy truthfulness, its earnest morality, its broad humour, were well represented by the pedestrian muse of the

famous Meistersinger, Hans Sachs, cobbler and poet, and assuredly also its untiring industry. Did he not boast, and that some years before his death, of having written, between plays and poems, 6,028 works—say half-a-million lines? Now we have, further, to remember that the great upheaval in the religious world called the Reformation, which convulsed Germany early in the sixteenth century, coincided in time with the recasting of the ideals of art and letters known as the Renaissance, and, as was natural in a people more strongly endowed on the ethic than on the æsthetic side, the moral upheaval overshadowed the artistic revolution, and imparted to art in Germany a more than ever didactic tone. Again, the modification, or rather reversal, of artistic ideas was brought about under conditions wholly different from those which made the awakening to the dignity of nature among the Italians truly a renaissance; for the spirit that stirred in the Southern race was, indeed, the spirit of their own great past-born once more within them. Amongst a purely Germanic race, on the other hand, free from all mixture of Latin blood, these impulses were not at work; neither were the Germans impelled towards more gracious ideals by that sense of beauty which was so vivid among the Italians. Whilst, therefore, they gradually assimilated the new forms of art that came to them from beyond the Alps, they were slow to abandon, and, indeed, long concurrently retained, those more crabbed forms to which their hands had grown accustomed, and which the conservative spirit of the Guilds strove to uphold. It was, as we shall presently see, in the less trammelled art of painting that the new forms made their earliest mark; and though these forms had from the beginning of the century crept tentatively into architecture, it was not until after the religious peace of Augsburg, and therefore after Dürer and Holbein had carried German painting to its highest point of development, that the builder's craft, under the impulse given by powerful princes and wealthy merchants, adopted frankly the spirit of the Renaissance.

The architecture of this period is mainly civic, and expressive not only of great public opulence and private prosperity, but of a widespread love of outward splendour, and, it may be added, by the way, of considerable self-consciousness. The number and the prodigious ornateness of the sepulchral monuments belonging to this period which fill the churches of Germany is nothing short of amazing. Princely residences, civic halls, private houses, were rebuilt with new magnificence—in the southern provinces under Italian, in the north and west under Netherlandish inspiration. Seldom, indeed never, very pure in style; not infrequently coarse in execution; sometimes, especially in the treatment of the human figure, even barbarous; these buildings are unfailingly picturesque and delightful in their general scenic aspect. Amongst the relatively pure examples I would cite the two, now ruined, façades in the court of the Castle of Heidelberg, and especially that built by the elector Otto Heinrich—though I am unable to accept fully the very high estimate of it current in Germany—and, on a smaller scale, such structures as, for instance, the portico of the Cologne Town Hall and the bay windows of the Maximilian Museum at Augsburg. In the treatment of ornament in this style you will find in Germany the same peculiarities as you noticed in the case of Gothic carving; you will find the same want of measure and restraint, the same rugged individuality and tendency to artistic licence, but with them also the same inexhaustible and vigorous fancy. Here, indeed, a fine field lay open for the German love of the curling and redundant in line and form, and it was eagerly occupied. Amongst the first-fruits of the love for swelling curves we find that bulging out into bulbous forms of the lower portion of the shafts of columns, which is characteristic of the school, and is, indeed, not without a certain fantastic charm: but would that the love of excessive curves had never been carried further! Here and there we come, as lawlessness grows, on truly startling phenomena; so, for instance,



on the façade of the castle chapel at Liebenstein, near Heilbronn, you may see springing out from the face of the columns which flank its handsome door two huge excrescences in the shape of projecting scrolls, modelled on the type of a tea-pot handle, or a sign of interrogation, adjuncts of which the purpose baffles conjecture and the beauty is at least open to question. About this time also floral and vegetable forms in ornament disappear almost entirely, and are supplanted mainly by those cartouche forms that seem as if punched out of metal of uniform thickness and then curled abruptly at the edges—forms with which you are familiar in our own Tudor work, and which appear to have well-nigh exhausted the decorative fancies of our architects of that period. I have spoken also of a lack in German architects of subtle delight in varied rhythms, and this is felt no less in the phase of art now before us than in that which preceded it, not only in monotony in the mapping out of spaces, but in monotony also in relief. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of the pilasters which play so great a part in the architecture of the Renaissance, and on which the ornament, instead of that exquisite play and alternation of crisp projection and gradual evanescence in its relief which mark the best Italian work, shows here too often a dull uniformity of bulk and a too clumsy rudeness in its execution.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 82.)*

## CHAPTER XII. THE OLD TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA.

*Enoch: The "Book of Parables."*

**W**E have seen how Enoch, according to the apocryphal book which bears his name, consented to make intercession for the sons of the 'Elohîm of Genesis vi. 1-5, and was transported into Heaven, and there heard the announcement of their never-ending punishment and of the future Messianic kingdom; and how he was afterwards conducted by Angels through the different regions of the universe. Of a "Book of Enoch" an indispensable part was a description of the plan and movements of the heavenly bodies. The patriarch who had been taken up into the heavens was inferred to have acquired copious information about the overworld, which might be set off against Greek science; and a Jewish tradition makes Enoch the father of astronomy.\* The first portion of the Ground-Book, after describing his visions of the habitations of souls, tells us what

\* The tradition in question passed from the Jews to the Greeks themselves (Eusebius, "Præparatio Evangelica," ix. 17). Enoch, it may be noticed, is related to have lived as many years as there are days in a year. "The other numbers connected with his history appear," says Dr. Westcott, *à propos* of his being described in Jude 14 as the *seventh* from Adam, "too symmetrical to be without meaning. He was born when Jared was 162 ( $9 \times 6 \times 3$ ) years old, and after the birth of his eldest son, in his sixty-fifth ( $5 \times 6 + 5 \times 7$ ) year, he lived three hundred [ $6 \times 5 \times 10$ ] years." The whole of the numbers of Genesis v. will repay examination, both as to the way in which they are formed and as to the results of dividing them by sixty, a Babylonian "soos." The name Enoch (*Hanôch*) is said to mean initiator or consecrator, or initiated or consecrated.

Enoch saw at the extremities of the earth—strange beasts and birds, and, at the east, the gates of Heaven whence the stars come forth. Then begins the astronomical part of the book. "I numbered the stars," he is made to say, "their names, their times, and their seasons, as the Angel Uriel, who was with me, pointed them out to me. He showed them all to me, and wrote them down" (xxxiii.). It then proceeds to relate what he saw on the north, west, and south—other gates, from which winds issued (xxxiv.—xxxvi.). At this point the Ground-Book is interrupted, and the "Book of the revolutions of the luminaries of Heaven, according to their respective classes, their respective powers, their respective periods, their respective names, the places of their appearing [birth], and their respective months, which Uriel, the holy Angel, who was with me, explained to me," is deferred to the seventy-second chapter of the Book of Enoch as now arranged. The intervening chapters are occupied by the "Second Vision of Enoch," a document which the great majority of critics, no doubt rightly, ascribe to another hand, on account of the striking differences of phraseology presented by it. This "Second Vision" consists of three "Parables" out of 103 which the pseudo-Enoch declares himself to have received; and on account of these "Parables," which are descriptions to a large extent symbolical, it is commonly called the Book of Parables or of Similitudes. It is in this part of the Book of Enoch that a personal Messiah is first introduced, a Messianic *kingdom* having previously been alone spoken of. The general plan of the Book of Parables is an ascent from lower to higher, till the "Ancient of Days" is seen with the Messiah along with him; a description of the Messiah's powers and work; and a blessing of Enoch, added by another hand. The following are the most important passages:

"A cloud took me up, and a whirlwind raised me above the surface of the earth, placing me at the extremity of the

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"A cloud took me up, and a whirlwind raised me above the surface of the earth, placing me at the extremity of the

heavens. There I saw another vision : the dwelling-place of the just, and the resting-places of the holy ones. There mine eyes beheld their dwelling-place with the Angels, and their resting-places with the holy ones, how they entreat, and supplicate, and pray for the children of men ; and righteousness flows forth from before them like water, and mercy like dew over the earth. So is it with them from æon to æon. . . . I beheld their abode under the wings of the Lord of spirits. All the holy and the elect, in appearance like a blaze of fire, sang before Him ; their mouth full of blessings, and their lips glorifying the name of the Lord of spirits. And justice was without intermission before Him. There was I desirous of remaining, and my soul longed for that [my] habitation. This was my appointed lot, for thus it had been prevailed respecting me before the Lord of spirits. . . . Of every generation that exists those shall bless Thee who do not sleep, but stand before Thy glory, blessing, glorifying, exalting Thee, and saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of spirits, who fills the whole world with spirits.' . . . " (xxxix.)\*

"After this I beheld thousands of thousands, and tens of thousands of tens of thousands, and an infinite number of

\* The extremities of the heavens (where, in the system of the writer of the book, the heavens and the earth meet, the former being stretched over the latter like a dome or a tent) are here supposed to be the receptacles and "dormitories" (Laurence ; "Lagerstätten," lying-places, Dillmann) of the souls of the just before the victory of the Messiah. Even when in Limbo (as we call their condition) they were not, as we see from what is here said, supposed to be asleep ; but on the contrary, an intercession, offered by them there, is depicted to us, an intercession as in 2 Macc. xv. 12-16 (*ante*, MERRY ENGLAND, Vol. XX., p. 143). They are at rest in two senses : (1) as to their bodies, which are buried in peace ; and (2) they are at rest from toil and suffering ; but they are not unconscious. The reprobate, on the other hand, (1) also "sleep in the dust," as far as their bodies are concerned ; and (2) they are asleep as far as regards the praise and service of God. But an egregious historical blunder is committed when from the use of such expressions as "the sleep of death," "those who are asleep" (in speaking of the dead), and similar phraseology in the linguistic inheritance of earlier mankind, it is concluded that there is an intention of representing them as unconscious. To the mind of antiquity, sleep is death's twin brother, not because consciousness ends with death, but because in sleep the bond is weakened which unites the body and the soul, so that in dreams—the incidents of which were to the mind of primitive humanity as real as those of waking existence—the soul passes into other regions, or holds intercourse with another world. Protestant writers might easily be mentioned who have rushed headlong into the most egregious blunders on this now elementary subject, in their anxiety to discover arguments against Catholic doctrines (cf. Tylor, "Primitive Culture," London, 1873, Vol. I., pp. 436-447, etc.).

living beings, standing before the Lord of spirits. On the four sides likewise of the Lord of spirits I perceived others besides those who were standing before Him. . . . I heard the voices of those upon the four sides magnifying the Lord of glory. The first voice blessed the Lord of spirits for ever and ever. The second voice I heard blessing the elect One and the elect who suffer on account of the Lord of spirits. The third voice I heard petitioning and praying for those who dwell upon earth and supplicate the name of the Lord of spirits. The fourth voice I heard expelling the Satans, and prohibiting them from entering into the presence of the Lord of spirits to prefer accusations against the inhabitants of the earth (xl.).

"After this I beheld the secrets of the heavens and of the kingdom, according to its divisions; and of human action, how they weigh it there in balances. . . . And there my eyes beheld all the sinners, who denied the Lord of glory, and when they were expelling thence, and dragging them away; they could not remain there because of the punishment proceeding from the Lord of spirits. . . . I saw also the receptacles [storehouses, treasuries] of the substance out of which the winds become separated, the receptacle of hail, the receptacle of snow . . . the receptacles of the [new] moons, whence they come (xli.).\*

"I beheld the Ancient of days, whose head was like white wool; and also another, whose countenance was like that of man. His aspect was full of kindness, and like the holy Angels. Then I asked of one of the Angels who went with me and who showed me every secret thing, concerning this Son of man: who He was, whence He came; and why He accompanied the Ancient of

\* The four voices are explained in the context to be those of Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and Phanuel, "who is over repentance and the hope of those will inherit everlasting life," and is first mentioned in this book, where the "Ophanîm," or winged creatures (Ezechiel i., Zohar on Genesis i. 20), so frequently spoken of in the Jewish liturgy, also first occur as a distinct order of beings, *e.g.*: "The Seraphim, the Cherubim, and the Ophanim, never sleep, but watch the throne of His glory" (lxxi.). In another passage "Angels of power," and "Angels of principality," are grouped with these. Seraphim are equivalent in the Ground-Book to serpents: "Gabriel, one of the holy Angels, who is over the serpents [ikisat; Dillmann, schlangen; Greek *drakontes*, winged serpents breathing fire] over the kingdom [the kingdom of Heaven, Paradise], and over the Cherubim" (xx: 7; cf. MERRY ENGLAND, Vol. XVIII., p. 122). It will be observed that "Satans" is not in the Book of Enoch a name for evil spirits in general, or for their chief, but, conformably to the use of the word "Satan" or "a Satan" [from *Satan*, to make hostile, create enmity by accusation] in the Old Testament, means specifically an *accusing* spirit (cf. Apoc. xii. 10).



days. He answered and said to me: 'This is the Son of man, to whom righteousness belongs; with whom righteousness has dwelt; and who will reveal all the treasures of that which is concealed; for the Lord of spirits has chosen Him; and His portion has surpassed all before the Lord of spirits in everlasting righteousness. This Son of man, whom thou beholdest, shall raise up kings and the mighty from their . . . thrones (xlvi.) . . . A support shall He be for the just and the holy to lean upon, without falling; and He shall be the light of the Gentiles. He shall be the hope of those whose hearts are troubled. All who dwell on earth shall fall down and worship before Him; shall bless and glorify Him, and sing praises to the name of the Lord of spirits. For this purpose He was chosen [or predestinated] and concealed before Him, before the world was made; and He will be before Him for ever (xlvii.) . . . With Him dwells the spirit of intellectual wisdom, the spirit of instruction and of power, and the spirit of those who sleep in righteousness:\* He shall judge secret things (xlviii.) . . .

\* The meaning ascribed by Charles to these words, that "the righteousness which in some measure belonged to all the faithful in the past will in Him attain perfect realisation," is, no doubt, what the statement ultimately resolves itself into; but the way in which the author couches it is that the spirit who presided over those who fell asleep in righteousness is with the Messiah, the "of" meaning "presiding over," just as in the context "spirit of wisdom" means "spirit presiding over wisdom." From other passages in the "Book of Enoch"—*e.g.*, from the Ground-Book, xviii. 2, 3, "I saw the four winds [Greek, *anemous*] which bear the earth and the firmament of Heaven . . . these are the pillars of the Heaven"—we learn that, according to it, the active and governing principles of the universe are spirits, "breaths" (cf. MERRY ENGLAND, July, 1891), or *pneumata*, the "air currents" or subtle influences of the Stoics (MERRY ENGLAND, Vol. XXI., p. 228), only somewhat less materialistically conceived. Thus in lx. 16-18 (a Noachic fragment) we read: "The spirit of the sea is masculine and strong, and according to the might of his strength he draws it back with a rein . . . and the spirit of the hoar-frost is its own Angel" [*i.e.*, it has an Angel or spirit of its own], "and the spirit of hail is a good Angel [*i.e.*, though hail is often hurtful, it is not in charge of a demon, but of a good Angel]. And the spirit of snow he has let go because of its strength—it has a special spirit, and that which ascends from it is like smoke, and its name is frost." Here the all-pervading influence of cold, manifesting itself by a thin frosty vapour, is called a spirit, and by implication an Angel. The conception resembles that of the Fravashis of the Persians. In the Zoroastrian religion, hail, snow, rain, trees, mountains, streams, individual human beings, and, in a word, every created thing had its Fravashi, its directing spirit, attached to it.—The appellation, "the Lord of spirits," so frequent in the Book of Similitudes, is connected with this system.—The expressions, "Ancient of Days" or "Head of Days," and "Son of Man,"



"And they will all become Angels in Heaven (li.) . . . Mine eyes saw all the hidden things of Heaven, all things which shall be on the earth, a mountain of iron, a mountain of copper, a mountain of silver, a mountain of gold, a mountain of soft metal [tin or lead], and a mountain of lead. And I asked the Angel who went with me, saying: 'What things are these, which I have seen in secret?' And he said unto me: 'All these things which thou hast seen shall be for the dominion of the Messiah, that He may rule and be mighty on the earth.' And that Angel of peace answered me and said: 'Wait a little, and there will be revealed to thee everything that is hidden, which the Lord of spirits has established. And those mountains which thine eyes have seen . . . will in the presence of the Elect One be as wax before the fire. . . . None shall be saved by either gold or silver. . . . And there will be no iron for war or garment for a coat of mail. . . . All these things will be disowned and destroyed from the surface of the earth (lii.) . . . And the just and elect will have risen from the earth, will have ceased to be of downcast countenance, and will have been clothed with garments of glory. And these shall be your garments, garments of life before the Lord of spirits; and your glory shall not pass away before the Lord of spirits (lxii.) . . .'"\*

are, of course, taken from Daniel vii. 13, "Behold, one like a Son of man" (as distinguished from "a son of the gods," Daniel iii. 25), "came with the clouds of Heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they" (the heavenly powers) "brought him near before him."

\* With these vestures of the Saints may be compared not only the wedding garment of Matth. xxii. 11, and the "White robes were given unto every one of them," of Apoc. vi. 11, but also St. Paul's, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up in life" (2 Cor. v. 4). In the later "Ascension of Isaiah the Prophet," special stress is laid on these "garments of holiness." "Many," it says, "shall barter the honourable clothing of the Saints for the garment of him who delights in gold" (iii. 25). "Above all the heavens and the Angels thy throne is placed, thy clothing, and the crown" (Asc. Is. vii. 22) "Let holy Isaiah be permitted to ascend hither, for here is his clothing" (ix. 2). "These clothings belong to many in the world, who will receive their faith from Him" (ix. 23).

"The idea of garments being *laid up* or *kept* in Heaven for the clothing of the righteous, is," observes Moses Stuart, in the Introduction to his "Commentary on the Apocalypse" (Edinburgh, 1848, p. 45), where he gives an account of the Book of Enoch, "familiar in the system of Zoroaster, where the *Gahs* (female Izeds or Angels of the second order) are represented as employed in fabricating garments which are kept in store for the righteous. Unconsciously the author seems to have intermingled this peculiarity of Parsism with his own conceptions; for the Scriptures, which

"And from that day [the day or time when Enoch had seen the subject-matter of the third similitude] I was no longer numbered among them [among mankind]; but he set me between the two winds, between the north and the west, where the Angels took the cords [the reference is to a passage in li., modelled on Ezechiel xl.] to measure for me the place for the elect and the just. And there I saw the elect and the just, who from the beginning dwell in that place" (lxx.).

Then follows the blessing of Enoch (lxxi.), added, as I have said above, by another hand.

*The "Book of Celestial Physics."*

*Place of Composition of the "Book of Enoch."*

The legal formalism of Judæa and Jerusalem was unlikely to give rise to such a composition as the "Book of Enoch," the enthusiastic and visionary temper of which accords better with that of external Asiatic Judæism. At the end of the Captivity (B.C. 536), the inhabitants of Palestine were only a portion, and not the most important portion, of the Jews, multitudes of whom refused, or were unable, to return, but remained in Babylonia, Media, and North-eastern Syria—the

present us often with the idea of splendid costume as appropriate to the righteous in a future world (Rev. iii. 4, 5, 8; iv. 4; vi. 11; vii. 9, 13), lack the peculiar trait to which I have just adverted." Stuart also notices, as an indication of Persian influence, that "throughout the whole book, light, fire, splendour, radiance, are almost everywhere made so conspicuous;" and it may likewise be remarked in that part of the Second Dream-Vision (Enoch, lxxxix. 1-13) which gives an account of the Deluge, the inhabited world is called an enclosure, with fountains of water within it. In the Ethiopic, the word translated "enclosure" [Laurence, "village" is 'asas, which according to Dillmann (in his Ethiopic Lexicon, s. v.) means *area quævis circumsepta, villa, habitatio circumsepta*, and is derived from a root with the primary meaning of to gird, *cingere*. The word evidently corresponds to the Arabic and Hebrew 'asas, to press or pack closely together, as anything girded is pressed. In the same way, in Enoch xciii. the pseudo-Enoch prophesies that a 'asas, an enclosure, *i.e.*, Palestine, would be made for the Mosaic community. Among the Medo-Persians, a mystical significance was attached to walled-in enclosures containing as at Ecbatana, springs of water, where the village colonies retreated in time of danger with their cattle and other possessions; and it can scarcely be doubted that this odd phraseology of the Book of Enoch is derived from that used in the Zendavesta, where Vars or enclosures of this kind play a considerable part.

country of which Edessa was the capital. Vast numbers, moreover, were settled in Alexandria by Alexander the Great or by Ptolemy the son of Lagus, his immediate successor in the government of Egypt. Jews were also encouraged to settle in Asia Minor. Multitudes did so, coming from farther east; and at Antioch, as well as at Alexandria, a commonwealth in some measure independent and a privileged position were conceded to them. Even after their regeneration by the Maccabees, the Jewish communities in Palestine were far inferior to those of Egypt, Asia Minor, North-eastern Syria, and the farther Orient. There are indications, some of which have been already noticed (*ante*, Vol. XXII., p. 73), that the "Book of Enoch" was most popular in the north, whence it would naturally pass into Egypt and Ethiopia, on account of the constant communication and the intimate association—an association dating back from the most remote times—between Egypt and Asia Minor. Archbishop Laurence was the originator of a remarkably clever argument in favour of the "Book of Enoch" having been written in the north, somewhere, he thought, between the upper parts of the Caspian and the Euxine Seas. The argument is derived from the "Book of Celestial Physics," the astronomical dissertation forming chapters lxxii.—lxxxiii., where one of the first points laid down is that the day is twice as long as the night at mid-summer, and only half the length of the night at mid-winter (lxxii. 14, 26). Now, astutely remarks Laurence, "if we consider in what latitude a country must be situated to have [at mid-summer] a day of *sixteen* hours long, we shall immediately perceive that Palestine could not be such a country. It is, indeed, possible that in order to express an uniformity in the increase of the day after the vernal equinox, so as to lengthen it every month *one* portion regularly, the author might not have been particularly nice with respect to the minor divisions; but he would scarcely have *much* deviated in his result from accurate observation. We may, then, safely conclude, that the country in which he lived



must have been situated not lower than forty-five degrees north latitude, where the longest day is fifteen hours-and-a-half, nor higher, perhaps, than forty-nine degrees, where the longest day is precisely sixteen hours.\*

It would have been evidently and ridiculously erroneous to ascribe such lengths to the winter nights and the summer days in Palestine, though we need not, perhaps, go so far north as Laurence did to find the home of the author, or rather the homes of the authors. But the climate described is not that of the Holy Land, but is colder; nor are the characteristics assigned to the winds (in xxxiii.—xxxvi., and again in lxxvi.) Palestinian; indeed, it may be doubted whether they are to be met with on any part of the earth's surface. It is, however, almost incredible that a Palestinian Jew should have been ignorant of the Nile, or, knowing it, should have omitted to enumerate it among the great rivers of the world, or should have described it as flowing from the west. Almost incredible, too, it is that a Palestinian Jew should not have made special reference to the Mediterranean; and yet it is in the north that are placed the seas of water,† and there are two great seas, which correspond very well with

\* Laurence, "Book of Enoch," Preliminary Dissertation, p. xxxvii. Dillman has shown in his commentary that the astronomy of the "Book of Celestial Physics" is far from accurate, the year, for example, being stated to consist of 364 days—twelve lunar months and ten days—instead of 365½. It is just possible that the principal author of the "Book of Celestial Physics," or, it may very well be, some later interpolator, perceived the divergency. For, though no correction is given as to any alteration in the lengths of day and night, we are told in lxxix. that "in the days of sinners . . . the moon shall change her laws, and shall not be seen at the proper period." In the earlier part of the Ground-Book there is also a description of the punishment of the seven stars (quoted last month, p. 81) for not rising at their appointed season.

† "The fourth quarter, called the north, is divided into three parts. The first of them is for the dwelling of men. The second is for the seas and water, with the valleys, and forests, and rivers, and darkness and clouds. And the third part with the garden of righteousness" (lxxvii.). The "garden of righteousness," where, as we have seen in a passage previously quoted, the just of old dwell, is, in the Enochian topology, distinct from the Garden of Eden. The enumeration is from north-east to north-west.



the Euxine and the Caspian.\* There is a description of Jerusalem, nor were Jews outside Palestine ignorant of it; but a Palestinian Jew would surely have laid stress on the Holy City, the Temple and its worship, and the Mosaic law and the importance of obedience to it, which the Book of Enoch is very far from doing. The false worship against which it directs its anathemas is star worship, the special superstition of Central Asia; the tradition which is its initial *motif* is the fall of Angels by fleshly sins, to which the attention of Jews in the east would be specially directed on account of its existence among the Persians. The Medes and Parthians are the only nations mentioned by name,† or in any way distinctly referred to. And though nothing can be made either way of the tree of life being said to resemble a palm, a Palestinian Jew would not be likely to praise the tree of knowledge by comparing it to a carob tree, the producer of "the husks that the swine did eat."

*The Dream-Visions and the Conclusion; Date of the Book.*

The solution of the problem of the date of the Book (or, rather, as will now have become apparent, Books) of Enoch, has usually been sought in the Dream-Visions (lxxxiii.—xc.) which

\* "I saw seven rivers on the earth larger than all the others. One of them [the Danube?], coming from the west, pours its waters into the great sea [the Euxine?]. And two of them [the Indus and the Ganges?] come from the north to the sea [not the same sea as the former, but the Erythraean, by which he means not the Red Sea, but the Persian and Indian Ocean], and pour their waters into the Erythraean Sea in the east. And the remaining four come forth on the side of the north to their own sea [two of them], to the Erythraean Sea [the Tigris and the Euphrates?], and two of them flow into [the Caspian?] the great sea there, or, according to others, into the desert" [the Oxus and the Jaxartes] (lxxvii.).

† "In those days will the Angels return and hurl themselves upon the east, to stir up the Kings of Parthia and Media, to break forth from their resting-places like lions and as hungry wolves among the flocks. And they will march up and tread underfoot the land of His elect ones. . . . But the city of My righteous will be a hindrance to their horses. . . . And it came to pass that after this I saw a host of waggons, whereon men were riding," coming to Jerusalem to "fall down and worship the Lord of spirits" (liv.).

succeed the "Book of Heavenly Physics," and in the prophecy of weeks (xciii.) contained in the Epilogue (xci.—civ.) which seems at one time to have formed the conclusion of the Enochian collection. The Dream-Visions are two in number. The first (lxxxiii., lxxxiv.) relates only to the Flood. The second pretends to give a comprehensive world-history from the formation in Paradise of Adam and Eve (who are symbolised by a white bull and a white heifer), down to the kingdom of the Messiah, who is symbolised by a white bull with large horns. The sin of the Angels is said to have been followed by a mixture of the races of Cain and of Seth; the Flood is described; Abraham is symbolised by a white bull; and Jacob by a sheep, a symbol used for the chosen people down to the close of the vision. Moses "built a house for the Lord of the sheep, and placed all the sheep in that house," and in connexion with David it is said that "that house became great and broad, and a lofty and great tower was built for those sheep; it was built on the house for the Lord of the sheep; and that house was low, but the tower was elevated and lofty, and the Lord of the sheep stood on that tower and a full table was placed before him" (lxxxix.). The tower is the Temple, or Jerusalem as including the Temple; the house is the territory occupied by Hebrews faithful to the Mosaic and national institutions.—The sheep, however, forsook the house and the tower, *i.e.*, first the northern and then the southern kingdom fell away; whereupon the Lord of the sheep summoned seventy shepherds (who are symbolised as men), committed the sheep to them to be pastured by each in turn for an hour, and commanded another (probably the Archangel Michael, the guardian Angel of the Jews, Daniel x. 21) to keep record whether the shepherds exceeded their commission by destroying more of the sheep than they were authorised to do. Without exception, they acted too severely, and when the Lord of the sheep came to judgment, "those seventy shepherds were found guilty, and cast into that fiery

abyss" in which the stars were at the same time imprisoned. The old house was then folded up, and a new house was made in which all the sheep that had been destroyed and dispersed, and all the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, were assembled. Among them was born a white bull with great horns—by whom is intended the Messiah—and all who had been gathered into the house were changed into white oxen.\*

The date of this section of the Book of Enoch essentially depends on the interpretation to be put on the seventy shepherds of the above tasteless allegory. Laurence and the older interpreters imagined kings to be intended, and to a certain extent rightly, for the shepherds are invested with regal powers. But as human beings are portrayed in the vision under animal forms, the human form being reserved for Angels, no one now doubts that they are seventy Angels, whom the Septuagint version of Deuteronomy represents as set over the heathen nations of mankind.

The seventy shepherds, each of whom is described as ruling for an hour, are distinguished into four symmetrical groups, of twelve, twenty-three, twenty-three, and twelve respectively; of

\*The beasts of the field, other than the sheep and the birds of the air, are Gentile nations; the sheep are children of Israel. Throughout the vision, beings of earthly origin are uniformly represented under animal forms, and are symbolised as human only when they are spoken of for the moment as executing some work to which the animal form would be inappropriate. Thus Noah, who is symbolised as an ox or bull, is said (lxxxviii. 2) to have become a man to build the Ark; and Moses, who is symbolised as a sheep, becomes a man to build a house for the Lord of the sheep, and to make them all stand in that house (lxxxviii. 60). The Messiah is symbolised by a reem, or buffalo, or wild ox, an animal taken, as in Ps. xxii. 12, as a symbol of power and might. He here appears or is born, it will have been noticed, only after the sheep that have been destroyed have been revived and assembled in his house, or place ("house" having both in Ethiopic and in Hebrew a very wide meaning, so that, *e.g.*, a stony place is called "a house of stones"). This is inconsistent with other parts of the book, in which the Messiah is represented as conquering His kingdom for Himself, and not merely appearing in it after its formation. Contradictions, in fact, are of frequent occurrence, *e.g.*, as to the names and offices of the Angels; and depend either on the use of different methods of pictorial representation, on plurality of authorship, or on the same author forgetting himself or not fully expressing himself in the hurry of writing.



which (though the text is by no means lucid) the first group appears to be the Angels of the Assyrians and Babylonians, who governed the sheep from the fall of the northern kingdom till the end of the Captivity (B.C. 721—536), or, more probably, the Angels of the Babylonians alone (B.C. 608—536); the second, the first group of twenty-three, to be those of the Persian domination (B.C. 536—333); the third, the second group of twenty-three, to refer to the first part of the Greek ascendancy, during which Palestine was chiefly under the power of the Ptolemies (B.C. 333—200); and the fourth, the second group of twelve, to be the Angels of the Græco-Syrian power, the persecutions of which under Epiphanes aroused the zeal and provoked the reaction of the Maccabees (B.C. 200—168). “Lambs,” says the author of the allegory, “were borne by the white sheep, and they began to open their eyes and to see, and to cry to the sheep, but the sheep did not cry back to them (xc. 6, 7). This describes the rise of the Assidæan party—the *Hasîdhîm* or pure ones, the leaders of whom the Maccabees became. “And the ravens,” the Syrians, says our Enoch, “flew upon those lambs,” persecution came, “and I saw till horns grew upon those lambs,” till the Maccabees took up arms; “and the ravens cast down their horns,” the resistance was at first unsuccessful (cf. 1 Macc. ii. 15-39). “And I saw till a great horn,” Judas Maccabæus, “branched forth,” and warred against the hosts that were oppressing Israel, till “all the eagles [Greeks], and vultures, and ravens, and kites [Græco-Egyptians and Græco-Syrians] assembled together and brought with them all the sheep of the field,” the Jews who sided with the Syrians, as distinguished from the sheep of the fold, “and they all came together, and helped to break that horn of the ram” (xc. 16).—This formidable combination is, however, met by a Divine interposition. The Lord of the sheep destroys the opposing hosts. The earth swallows them up; the sheep proceed against all the beasts of the field—all the Gentile nations—to slay them; a



throne is erected in "the pleasant land," the books are opened, and the judgment is set; and then a new house, as we have seen above, is made, the Messiah appears, and the remainder of the beasts are, together with the sheep, changed into white oxen, *i.e.*, those of the Gentiles who have not been destroyed are converted. In the "white oxen" the symbolism used for patriarchal times is reverted to.

This section of the Book of Enoch cannot, therefore, have been written much earlier than B.C. 168, when the *Hasîdhîm* commenced their resistance, or much later than B.C. 161 or 160, when Judas Maccabæus was defeated and slain at the Battle of Modin. A little earlier, resistance, successful finally though not at first, may have been contemplated by the more hopeful among the patriots; a little later, speedy retrieval of the disaster at Modin, by Divine interposition, may have been expected. In the passage quoted above, however, the great leader is spoken of in terms which almost imply that he was still alive, though it is also conveyed that his enemies were gathering round him, and a miracle—a day of judgment, indeed—is introduced to effect their destruction.

The Epilogue (xci.—civ.) is of about the same or of rather later date. Even Judas came to regard final success as hopeless without Gentile and heathen help, and in the last year of his life negotiated a league with the Romans. Jonathan, his successor (B.C. 160—144), sided with one of two claimants to the Syrian throne against the other, strengthened himself by alliances both with Rome and with Sparta, and additionally displeased the *Hasîdhîm* by usurping the high priesthood; Simon, the next Maccabean ruler (144—135), continued the same policy; John Hyrcanus (135—106), who succeeded him, formally broke with the *Hasîdhîm* on account of their opposition to his exercise of high-priestly functions; Aristobulus, his son further alienated them by assuming the Davidic and sacred—nay, the Messianic—title of king, and by surnaming himself

"lover of the Greeks"; and his brother Jonathan, who next came to the throne (105—70), preferred the Greek name of Alexander to his own, and provoked a civil war by causing six thousand of the *Hasîdhîm*—by that time called Pharisees—to be put to death. To this period the Epilogue is relegated by Mr. Charles, who attributes it to the reign of Alexander Jannæus;\* and by Drummond, who, on account of the prophecy of the seven weeks, ascribes it to that of John Hyrcanus ("Jewish Messiah," pp. 41-43), in whose time Ewald, conceiving the seventy shepherds to mean human rulers, imagined the whole Book of Enoch to have been written. The inference that the date is later than that of the Dream-Visions is based on the character of the events foretold. "The children of the earth," the enemies of the *Hasîdhîm*, or "children of Heaven," are rich and powerful, oppressors of the poor, deserters of the law, idolaters and superstitious, holding that life ceases with the grave, and that God does not concern Himself with the doings of men (xcviii., etc.). There is in the Epilogue no distinct mention of a supernatural judgment before the Messianic kingdom, as in the second Dream-Vision. The kingdom is, however, to be preceded by a period of the sword in which sinners are everywhere to be cut off; and after it has lasted two weeks—the seventh and eighth—"the great eternal judgment, in which He will execute judgment among the Angels," is to take place.

The date of the "Book of Celestial Physics" has to be gathered from the knowledge of astronomy there exhibited. While the writer strenuously contends for a year of 364 days—a contention which harmonises with the mystical use of the Sabbatical number seven throughout the book, 364 being divisible by seven, and amounting to fifty-two weeks exactly—he apparently knows the length of the synodic months, has

\* Jannæus is a Græcised and Latinised form of Janna'i, a Hebrew abbreviation for Jonathan.

the Greek eight year cycle before him, and alludes to the seventy-six year cycle of Calippus.\*

The first thirty-six chapters of the Ground-Book are inferred by Mr. Charles to have been written in B.C. 170 at latest, because there is no reference in them to the persecutions endured by the Jews under Antiochus Epiphanes. The questions raised by the section go, however, a very great deal farther than this; for not only is there no reference to the persecutions under Epiphanes, but there is *none to any persecution, sin, or unbelief, after the Deluge*. The age of innocence and happiness is to supervene as soon as the offending Angels have been bound (cf. Apoc. xx. 2) and the earth has been purified by the waters of the Flood. If the reader will turn to the quotation already given *in extenso* (pp. 74-76), he will see that this is as clearly said as words can state it; and this at first sight singular view of history taken by the pseudo-Enoch, may possibly be one of the reasons why he here draws a picture of what has not without justification been called the Messianic kingdom, without including in it the person of the Messiah. Now if the book had been a genuine production of the patriarch Enoch, an announcement of the kingdom as straightway following the Deluge would have been a false prophecy. And if—as is unquestionably the case—it is spurious, its author must have been perfectly well aware that the history of mankind after the Deluge was not a "Millenium" such as he described, and did not in the least resemble one. Those, again, who united into a single volume the various parts of the Enochian miscellany, can scarcely have been sensible of any incongruity in associating the Messianic age immediately with the Deluge. The only solution of the difficulty appears to be that this method of representation was chosen deliberately and of set purpose as that which it was

\* Charles, Book of Enoch, p. 190. To render these circumstances certain indications of date, the possibility of knowledge of the above points from Babylonian astronomy would, however, have to be eliminated.



natural and proper to adopt in a prophecy. So familiar was the principle that a prophet looks through the present and the proximately future course of events—that he interprets them, and thereby views them in the light of the Messianic restoration and the final judgment, and that on the other hand he clothes these with symbols suggested by the nearer future or by the incidents of temporal prosperity—that the pseudo-Enoch, pretending to write a prophecy, felt himself obliged to adopt this course. The sensuous description of the happy age—the declaration about the vines with their abundant clusters, for example, which is imitated in the “Apocalypse of Baruch,” and was ascribed by Papias (Irenæus, “Adv. Haer.,” v. 33) to Our Lord—cannot offend us in a parable, or in a vision, which is a parable in terms of sight; and “concerning the elect,” says the pseudo-Enoch, “I spake, and concerning them I uttered a *parable*” (i. 3). The “Book of Enoch” bristles with what if taken *ad pedem literæ* would be contradictions, and in some cases these result from a plurality of authors having been concerned in it, or from a writer forgetting, in his rapid and impetuous course, what he himself had said before. But it would be simple stupidity to apply the criteria used in discussing the self-consistency of a history, to parables and visions (even though they be only pretended visions and spurious parables), which are professedly only fragmentary glimpses of truth, given some at one time and in relation with one subject, and others at another time and in relation to another; and respecting which the initial supposition is that they must be collated and put together to gain a complete view.

The date of the “Book of Parables” or “Similitudes” is of very considerable interest on account of its pre-eminently Messianic character; and for three very different reasons it has been contended—by a minority of critics, however—that it is post-Christian, or, at least, that the Messianic passages in it are so. First, Volkmar and others, desiring to give a late date to



the Epistle of St. Jude, assign the Book of Enoch, which is quoted in it, to the earlier period of the Jewish rebellion under the false Messiah, Bar Cocheba, in the second century after Christ (A.D. 136). Their reasons are frivolous. Secondly, the coincidences with the language of the New Testament are (as will have been seen from the quotation given) so numerous and so close as to suggest that the writer of the Similitudes must have had the New Testament, or parts of it, before him. In many cases, however, Old Testament passages are the common basis. And thirdly, the idea that the later Jews did not believe in a Messiah is not uncommon among Protestants, and would fall to the ground if the pre-Christian date of the Similitudes, or at least of the Messianic passages in them, were admitted.

Drummond ("Jewish Messiah," pp. 55, *sqq*), consequently, argues that they were added by a Christian hand; he does this not only in spite of the entire absence of even a passing allusion to Our Lord's sufferings, death, and resurrection, but in spite of the incompatibility of the passages with such ideas as a mental context.\* Though the non-existence of such references are incompatible with a Christian origin, they are not inconsistent with the use of Christian materials. The Jews and

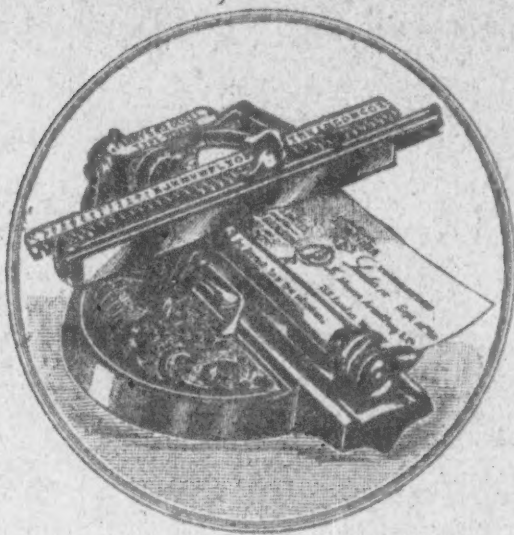
\* Drummond does not deny that some of the prophets believed in a future Messiah. Speaking of "the elder Isaiah, the elder Zechariah, and Micah, who lived during the period of the Assyrian invasions of Palestine," he tells his readers that by these three prophets "the person of the ideal king is distinctly introduced and portrayed. In Zechariah He comes as a just and peaceful king, riding upon the unwarlike ass. 'His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth'—a hope which may have been derived from recollections of the reign of David. In Micah His Davidic descent is plainly implied in the reference to the antiquity of His descent, and to Bethlehem as its source; and Isaiah derives Him in express terms from the stem of Jesse" ("Jewish Messiah," pp. 188, 189). The other prophets, with the doubtful example of Ezechiel (p. 192), believed in a "Messianic" kingdom or quasi-Millennial future for Israel, but without the personal Messianic king. This opinion (which rests on the singular principle that the canonical writers are to be held to disbelieve everything they do not expressly lay down) is connected with his interpretation of Is. liii., and of "One like unto a Son of man" in Daniel vii. 13, as personifications of Israel.

the primitive Palestinian Christians were in close association till about A.D. 136. There is no impossibility in a Jewish writer who utterly rejected the Christ of Christianity adorning his lucubrations with borrowings from Christian sources. But the more probable opinion appears to be that the Messianic passages in the Book of Similitudes are not interpolations, and that the book, with those passages, substantially in their present form, as parts of it, dates from the earlier part of the first century B.C., before the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey.

X. Y. Z.

*(To be continued.)*

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